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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

ONE FRIEND.

BY PONINGOE.

One friend in dark affliction's hour,
To love us and to bless;
One friend to take us by the hand
With kindest tenderness;
Is worth a thousand worlds like this,
A thousand lives like ours.
Is worth a heaven of sweetest bliss—
A heaven of rarest flowers.

The sky may frown like darkest night,
The stars no longer shine,
Still if one friend be true to us,
Our life shall seem divine—
His hand can make the thorny path
As smooth as Heaven's floor,
And every hour as bright as waves
That wash a smiling shore.

In wild temptation's hour of pain,
When even sin seems bright,
The love of one true friend may save
Our souls from sorrow's blight.
When round our hearts the tides of crime
Dash in their mad career,
The voice of one true friend may speak
And drive away all fear.

When friendly hearts are linked to truth
And in their kindness strong,
They have the power to keep their souls
Unstained with sin and wrong.
No other power is half so great
As that which friendship gives;
No light shines half so pure and bright
As friendship's while it lives.

One friend to grasp us by the hand!
One friend to love and bless,
Makes up a world of rarest joy
And perfect happiness;
And one true friend when trouble comes
Is worth a heaven of bliss;
Is worth ten thousand human lives—
Ten thousand worlds like this.

Our Historical Gallery.

Sketches of the Presidents.

FIRST—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

IT is easy to find a great hero, a great statesman, a great patriot, or a great saint; but we rarely see heroism, statesmanship, patriotism, and religion combining to make A MAN. Providence seems for once to have been profuse in her gifts to the great and good WASHINGTON. Brilliant in nothing, exceeded by many men in all that marks a genius, yet he stands out among and above his race for that rare combination of all that is excellent in the character of a man. His patriotism was as incorruptible as it was ardent, and a lofty rectitude marks every small, as well as every great, action of his life. He was a man to be loved as well as venerated, and every true American delights to accord to him the proud title of "THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY."

He was born in Virginia, in 1732. The common schools of the state afforded the only opportunity for his education, and the study of mathematics was his principal delight. At the age of nineteen, he received an appointment in the army with the title of major, and of lieutenant colonel in 1754, and the same year was advanced to a colonelcy. He was elected a member of the House of Burgesses in 1759, and a delegate to the first Continental Congress in 1774. In that day of great peril, when the Congress had done what they could to raise "that glorious old continental army," all eyes were turned to Washington as its leader, and he was unanimously appointed its commander-in-chief, where his prudence and firmness, his bravery and wisdom, were the admiration of all calm and wise men, and brought order out of disorder, and triumph out of difficulty.

In May, 1787, that celebrated convention met at Philadelphia for the purpose of forming a constitution, over which Washington was called to preside, and the result of which was that admirable instrument which has ever since been the law of the nation. And when, after being adopted by the states, it became necessary to fulfil its first requisition, namely, the election of the first President of the United States, no other man was thought of but GEORGE WASHINGTON, and he was unanimously chosen to that office. He was, by the unanimous voice of his country, called to serve a second term, and was again inaugurated on the 4th March, 1793.

During the administration of his successor, the elder Adams, when war seemed inevitable between France and the United States, Washington was again called from his retirement and appointed commander-in-chief of the American forces. Fortunately his valuable services were required but for a brief period, and never in actual conflict; and he once more retired to the shades of Mount Vernon; from which, to his higher reward, Providence saw fit to call him the succeeding year. He died December 14, 1799, at the age of sixty-eight, and was buried at Mount Vernon, amidst the grateful tears of his country-men.

The *Patriotism* of Washington was most severely tested; but nothing could shake it in the heart of the man who peremptorily declined any kind of compensation at the hands of Congress for the inestimable services he had rendered to his country. In the dark and stormy period of 1775–6, when the hopes of many brave patriots almost died out of their bosoms; when the public faith was weak in the stability of our institutions; when Congress seemed paralyzed, and all spirits gathered fear,—many of the officers of his army, believing that if the power were placed in the hands of one man, and that man WASHINGTON, the country might yet be saved, through one of their number, proposed to him, in a written communication that he should consent to be made KING, as the only hope yet left to the country.

Washington's reply to this proposition is worthy of all praise.—"With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment," he writes, "I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of their being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. . . . , Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of a like nature."

It was, however, the pure and rational spirit of PIETY which gilds with a charm the whole character of Washington. His consistent recognition of Providence; his unfaltering faith in the rectitude of the great object which inspired his breast and the breasts of his countrymen; his invincible repugnance to deceit or treachery in any form; his untarnished honesty in all he said and did through life,—these form a halo of glory, which adds beauty and symmetry to his character, and marks "THE PERFECT MAN AND THE UPRIGHT."

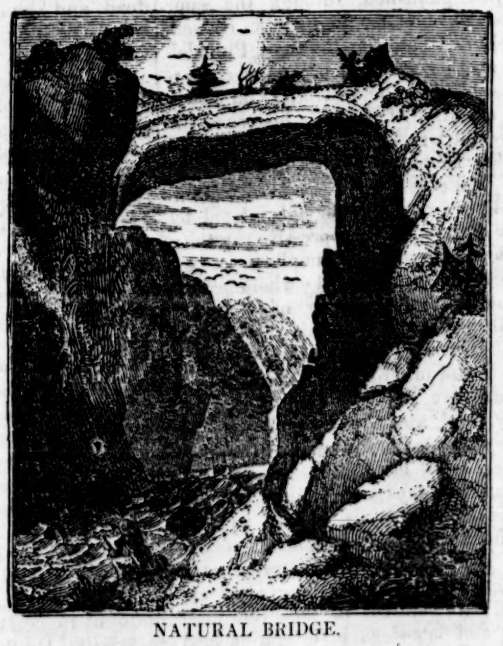
From the Funeral Oration on the death of Gen. Washington, delivered at the request of Congress. By HENRY LEE.

How, my fellow-citizens, shall I single to your grateful hearts his pre-eminent worth! Where shall I begin in opening to your view a character throughout sublime? Shall I speak of his war-like achievements, all springing from obedience to his country's will—all directed to his country's good?

Will you go with me to the banks of the Monongahela, to see our youthful

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Washington supporting, in the dismal hour of Indian victory, the ill-fated Braddock, and saving, by his judgment and his valor, the remains of a defeated army, pressed by the conquering savage foe? Or, when oppressed America, nobly resolving to risk her all in defence of her violated rights, he was elevated by the unanimous voice of Congress to the command of her armies? Will you follow him to the high grounds



NATURAL BRIDGE.

of Boston, where, to an undisciplined, courageous, and virtuous yeomanry, his presence gave the stability of system, and infused the invincibility of love of country? Or shall I carry you to the painful scenes of Long Island, York Island, and New Jersey, when, combating superior and gallant armies, aided by powerful fleets, and led by chiefs high in the roll of fame, he stood the bulwark of our safety, undismayed by disasters, unchanged by change of fortune? Or will you view him in the precarious fields of Trenton, where deep gloom, unnerving every arm, reigned triumphant through our thinned, worn down, unaided ranks, himself unmoved. Dreadful was the night. It was about this time of winter—the storm raged—the Delaware rolling furiously with floating ice, forbade the approach of man.—Washington, self-collected, viewed the tremendous scene. His country called; unappalled by surrounding dangers, he passed to the hostile shore; he fought, he conquered.—The morning sun cheered the American world. Our country rose on the event, and her dauntless chief pursuing his blow, completed, in the lawns of Princeton, what his vast soul had conceived on the shores of the Delaware.

Thence to the strong grounds of Morristown, he led his small but gallant band; and through an eventful winter, by the high effort of his genius, whose matchless force was measurable only by the growth of difficulties, he held in check formidable hostile legions, conducted by a chief experienced in the arts of war, and famed for his valor on the ever memorable heights of Abraham, where fell Wolfe, Montcalm, and since, our much lamented Montgomery, all covered with glory. In this fortunate interval, produced by his masterly conduct, our fathers, ourselves, animated by his restless example, rallied around our country's standard, and continued to follow her beloved chief through the various and trying scenes to which the destinies of our union led.

Who is there that has forgotten the vales of Brandywine—the fields of Germantown—or the plains of Monmouth? Everywhere present, wants of every kind obstructing, numerous and valiant armies encountering, himself a host, he assuaged our sufferings, limited our privations, and upheld our tottering Republic. Shall I display to you the spread of the fire of his soul, by rehearsing the praises of the Hero of Saratoga, and his much loved compeer of the Carolinas?—No; our Washington wears not borrowed glory. To Gates—to Greene, he gave without reserve the applause due to their eminent merit; and long may the chiefs of Saratoga and of Eutaw receive the grateful respect of a grateful people.

Moving in his own orbit, he imparted heat and light to his most distant satellites; and combining the physical and moral force of all within his sphere, with irresistible weight he took his course, commiserating folly, disdaining vice, dismaying treason, and invigorating despondency; until the auspicious hour arrived, when, united with the intrepid forces of a potent and magnanimous ally, he brought to submission the since conqueror of India; thus finishing his long career of military glory with a lustre corresponding to his great name, and in this his last act of war, affixing the seal of fate to our nation's birth.

* * * * *

First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate, and sincere uniform, dignified, and commanding, his example was edifying to all around him, as were the effects of that example lasting.

To his equals he was condescending; to his inferiors kind; and to the dear object of his affections exemplarily tender. Correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand; the purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues.

His last scene comported with the whole tenor of his life. Although in extreme pain, not a sigh, not a groan escaped him; and with undisturbed serenity he closed his well-spent life. Such was the man America has lost! Such was the man for whom a nation mourns!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

VISIT TO NATURAL BRIDGE.

Dear Lottie: Brightly the rays of the setting sun fell on the brown landscape, as we descended the road leading to the Natural Bridge. Selina was in raptures and laughed and clapped her hands like a little wild monkey as she is. She wanted to run to the Bridge at once without stopping at the hotel, but she was over ruled by the majority, and we entered the neat parlor tired and hungry as we could be, and far more disposed for rest than sight seeing. Selina grumbled a little at first, but she happened to spy a piano, and all her good humour returned in a moment, she played and sung until the supper bell rang, and we proceeded to the dining room, wishing from our hearts that we could feel hungry and weary at home sometimes.

After supper we had a real feast of music from Selina and Mr. Stubbs. Even Mr. Grant acknowledged it was delicious. I wish you could hear Selina's voice Lottie. I know you would think it enchanting, it seems to be full of tears and smiles, and as you listen to its strange sweetness, every cloud fades away from your heart, and you feel that with that dear one to sing for you, you could be free from sorrow forever. I love to hear her singing in the twilight, and I often shut the door, and close the blinds, while she is pouring out her soul in song, that I may cheat myself into the fancy that it is twilight in real earnest, and then I sit down close beside her, dreaming such beautiful dreams of life; and thinking through all of that "Better Land" where the breath of perpetual music echoes in celestial sweetness through "the beautiful forever of God." But where is my pen wandering off to, I was writing about Selina, and it has given you an essay on music, the naughty thing.

Well I was very sleepy when we retired to our room; and I had hardly laid my head on the pillow before I was sleeping soundly. I must have slept more than two hours when I was awakened by the sound of a pen travelling over paper at a rapid rate. I started up in astonishment, and there sat Selina, on the floor, before the open window, writing with all her might. "What on earth are you doing Selina?' I asked, rubbing my sleepy eyes to see if I was really awake or dreaming.

"Hush, and go back to sleep," she, answered a little impatiently, as she wrote on faster than ever.

"But you will take cold, catch your death, sitting in that window in the damp air; who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Oh, it does'nt matter," sighed the wilful girl, and she looked at me smilingly and said: "I'm writing poetry, Mattie, that's what I'm doing. I never was inspired before. I've written one poem and *almost* finished another.—Guess what I am writing about."

Of course I was too sleepy to guess, and after awhile she brought her poetry to me, and I read with astonishment Selina's first effusions which were

"Poetical Portraits of Mr. Stubbs and Mr. Grant."

MR. STUBBS.

Oh! did you ever see him—
  Our handsome little friend?
He's a very pleasant fellow,
  Now girls, you may depend.
It is worth one's while to catch him,
  This handsome friend of ours,
With his eyes like diamonds shining,
  And his hair like golden flowers.
His lips are red as coral,
  And his cheeks like roses glow,
And in the latest fashion,
  He's dressed from "tip to toe."
The darling little fellow—
  I wish I could divine
If he has paid the tailor
  For fixing him so fine.

MR. GRANT.

A dark, calm brow with earnest eyes,
  And lips that seldom speak or smile,
And yet I sometimes think that they
  Are speaking all the while;
For when within his noble heart,
  A noble thought or hope is stirred,
It wakes upon his face a look
  More precious than a word.
Ah!——

"There that's enough," laughed Selina, putting her little white hand over the last verse, "you mustn't see that, no, no," and she danced away with the poems in her hand, leaving me to guess what that last verse was. I couldn't settle it exactly in my mind, so I fell asleep, telling Selina to come to bed as soon as she finished writing. But I dare say she sat up long after

"The wee sma hour against the Twal."

As soon as breakfast was over, next morning, we started out for a ramble around the Bridge, and after walking a short distance we found ourselves standing beneath the mighty arch, looking upward in hushed astonishment—not a sound broke the stillness around us; not a breeze rippled the waters at our feet, and I don't know how long we would have remained spell-bound had not we been startled by the sound of approaching footsteps. We turned and saw a portly man walking rapidly down the hill, with a little fat woman leaning patronizingly on his arm. He looked at us in a comical way and said "good morning," nodding all around, and then he turned to the little fat woman and asked her how she liked the Bridge, whereupon the little woman stretched her neck back as far as she could without breaking it, and answered in a careless tone:

"Well, I like it well enough, as to that, but I don't see what people make such a fuss about it for, spendin' their money for nothin'. If it hadn't been that you were a coming to town to sell your taters and corn, and I wanted to choose the niggers' clothes and my coats myself, I'd never seen this Bridge, that is certain, for I always said I wouldn't spend my money for nothin', and I won't nuther. Come, let's go, Mr. Jonsing, I'm tired standin' here, and it's time we were on our way to town. It'll be night now before we can get there, and may be we'll have to stay at another tavern on the way. Come along," and the husband was hurried off by the prudent saving wife, before he had time to look at the Bridge. Selina laughed one of her merriest laughs as soon as the happy couple were out of sight, and we had a happy time that morning in spite of the solemnity of the place. But "brightest hours have an ending," and ere the noon came we had taken our last look at the Natural Bridge and turned our faces homeward.

Yours truly M. C. S.

P. S.—If you value my peace don't let Selina know I have copied her poems for you. Mr. Grant is my cousin and I am sure he loves Selina. But don't tell any body I told you so.

[As an appropriate and befitting appendix to the above account of a visit to the Natural Bridge, we present an illustration of the remarkable spot together with a characteristic and interesting description by Miss Martineau, perhaps the best of recent writings.—Eds. Times.]

At a mile from the bridge, the road turns off through a wood. While the stage rolled and jolted along the extremely bad road, Mr. L. and I went prying about the whole area of the wood, poking our horses' noses into every thicket, and between every two pieces of rock, that we might be sure not to miss our object; the driver smiling after us, whenever he could spare attention from his own not very easy task, of getting his charge along. With all my attention, I could see no precipice, and was concluding to follow the road without any more vagaries, when Mr. L., who was a little in advance, waved his whip as he stood beside his horse, and said: "Here is the bridge!" I then perceived that we were nearly over it, the piled rocks on either hand forming a barrier, which prevents a careless eye from perceiving the ravine which it spans. I turned to the side of the road, and rose in my stirraps to look over, but I found it would not do. I went on to the inn, deposited my horse, and returned on foot to the bridge.

With all my efforts, I could not look over steadily into what seemed the bottomless abyss of foliage and shadow. From every point of the bridge I tried, and all in vain. I was heated and extremely hungry, and much vexed at my own weakness. The only way was to go down and look up; though where the bottom could be was past my imagination, the view from the top seeming to be of foliage below foliage forever.

The way to the glen is through a field opposite the inn, and down a steep, rough, rocky path, which leads under the bridge, and a few yards beyond it. I think the finest view of all, is from this path, just before reaching the bridge, the irregular rock, spanning a chasm of a hundred and sixty feet in height, and from sixty to ninety in width, is exquisitely tinted with every shade of gray and brown; while trees encroach from the sides, and overhang from the top, between which and the arch there is an additional depth of fifty-six feet. It was now early in July; the trees were in their brightest and thickest foliage; and the tall beeches under the arch contrasted their verdure with the gray rock, and received the gilding of the sunshine, as it slanted into the ravine, glittering in the drip from the arch, and in the splashing and tumbling waters of Cedar creek, which ran by our feet. Swallows were flying about under the arch. What others of their tribe can boast of such a home?

We crossed and recrossed the creek on stepping stones, searching out every spot to which any tradition belonged. Under the arch, thirty feet from the water, the lower part of the letters G. W. may be seen, carved in the rocks. When Washington was a young man he climbed up hither, to leave this record of his visit. There are other inscriptions of the same kind; and above them a board, on which are painted the names of two persons, who have thought it worth while thus to immortalize their feat of climbing highest. But their glory was but transient after all. They have been outstripped by a traveller, whose achievement will probably never be rivalled; for he would not have accomplished it if he could, by any means, have declined the task. Never was a wonderful deed more involuntarily performed. There is no disparagement to the gentleman in saying this; it is only absolving him from the charge of foolhardiness.

This young man, named Blacklock, accompanied by two friends, visited the Natural Bridge; and, being seized with the ambition appropriate to the place, of writing his name highest, climbed the rock opposite to the place selected by Washington, and carved his initials. Others have perhaps seen what Mr. Blacklock had overlooked—that it was a place easy to ascend, but from which it was impossible to come down. He was forty feet or more from the path; his footing was precarious; he was weary with holding on while carving his name, and his head began to swim when he saw the impossibility of getting down again. He called to his companions that his only chance was to climb up upon the bridge, without hesitation or delay.—They saw this, and with anguish agreed between themselves that the chance was a very bare one. They cheered him, and advised him to look neither up nor down. On he went, slanting upward from under the arch, creeping round a projection, on which no foothold is visible from below, and then disappearing in a recess filled up with foliage. Long and long they waited, watching for motion, and listening for crashing among the trees. He must have been now one hundred and fifty feet above them. At length their eyes were so strained that they could see no more, and they had almost lost all hope. There was little doubt that he had fallen while behind the trees, where his body would never be found. They went up to try the chance of looking for him from above. They found him lying insensible on the bridge. He could just remember reaching the top, when he immediately fainted.

COLLEGE ROBBERS.—Yale College has been the scene of a system of extensive robberies, by which nearly every student has suffered more or less. Nothing was known of the depredator till some time ago George W. Porter, a student, from Enfield, bought a pair of boots, paying for them with a lever watch. The watch was identified as belonging to one of the students, and last Friday Porter was nabbed. He brought the boots back to be mended and was arrested. His room was searched and books, meerschaum pipes, jewelry, consisting of buttons, studs, rings, chains, broaches, pens and pencils, watches and clothing, were found in great profusion. In all, there was some $350 worth. His case was adjourned till Thursday. Porter had previously been dismissed from College.—*Hartford Times.*

FRANKING BY MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.—The Washington Constitution says, "As frequent inquiries are made on this subject, we will state that the franking privilege of the members of the last Congress continues till the first Monday in December next; and the members of the succeeding Congress frank from the 4th of March, the commencement of their term or from the date of their election, if after that time."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Among the Books.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

New Volume by De Quincey—Matherwell's Poems, in Blue and Gold—New Edition of The Prince of the House of David—The Pillar of Fire—Trials of a Public Benefactor—Littell's Living Age—Historical Magazine—Prescott Memorial—New Volume by Mrs. Oliphant—Two new books by Baron Stow.

Probably the great living master of English style, notwithstanding the claims of the admirers of Carlyle and Macaulay for their models, is Thomas De Quincey the English Opium Eater. The magnificent word-pictures of the immortal laudanum swallower have never been approached by any writer in the language, and will stand as models of force, of clearness and of beauty while the language lasts. We are glad that one so full of strength and richness should be so voluminous as a writer. The American edition of his writings (published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) already numbers twenty-one volumes, all marked by the same nervous, bold, and graceful qualities of style and thought which at the first gave importance to "The Confessions." The new volume, so long looked for by the reading public, contains *The Avenger, a Narrative, and Other Papers.* The "other papers," are Aclins Lamia. The Essenes Supplementary, Additions to the Confessions of An English Opium Eater, China, and Traditions of the Robbins. Whatever De Quincey touches is changed into fine gold, so the reader will spare us any criticism of these various essays. We say go buy the volume. Our only wonder is that the publishers can furnish so handsome and large a volume (nearly three hundred and fifty pages) for seventy five cents.

We are glad to announce a revival of the dainty "blue and gold" volumes of the poets, so popular two or three years ago. In this elegant style, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston, have just issued *The Complete Poetical Works of William Matherwell*, with a finely engraved portrait on steel, and memoir. Matherwell was one of the truest bards that ever sang—full of the rugged fire and force of his own wild Highland North, yet gifted with a grace and tenderness that could melt into strains as touching as those of Robert Burns. His expression was harmonious and grand, his thought simple and sweet. In this compact and beautiful little volume—a perfect treasure among books of poetry—we find all our old favorite pieces, including that stirring song of the cavalier, always recited by Poe amid bursts of enthusiasm,—

Then mounte, then mounte, brave gallants all!

It is hardly to be expected that we should stop to count how many editions have been published of that popular favorite, *The Prince of the House of David;* but we are glad to say that still another has been added to the number within the week past, furnishing the work with numerous corrections and additions, so that the text will now stand as the received one for the future reader. There is a certain class of churchmen who affect to condemn this romance, or narrative, or whatever it may be called, and there is another class, equally large and equally righteous, who award it unqualified praise—placing it high on the list of uninspired writings. With the squabbles of reverends it becometh us not to meddle. We only wish the volume could be read in every household where bitterness has been engendered against brother religionists perhaps by the very individuals who dogmatically condemns such books as the Prince of the House of David. After such a first rate notice we need not be expected to say more.

The author of the above popular volume, the Rev. Professor J. H. Ingraham, has just published, through the same publishers, Messrs. Pudney & Russell, New York, Paterson Brothers, Philadelphia, another narrative of similar character, based upon the absorbing Old Testament narrative of the early history of the children of Israel. *The Pillar of Fire, or Israel in Bondage*, is the title of the book, will give some index to its character. It is a record, as though related by an eye witness, of the oppressive captivity of Israel in Egypt, the triumphant passage of the Red Sea, etc. The whole beautiful and wonderful career of Moses is skilfully portrayed, from his youth to the ascent of Sinai; and the portraits of Pharaoh and other leading characters in the narrative are consistent with bible history, and are powerfully done. No ordinary powers and no small amount of historical study have been necessary in the construction of a story like this. The Egyptian chronology is full and exhaustial, the peculiarities and habits of the people are abundantly illustrated, the landscape and costume of the scenes are delightfully painted, in fact the most careful and laborious investigation and research are evident on every page. We learn that *thirty thousand copies* of the work were ordered in advance of publication, and we predict a permanent success for the work, excelling even the Prince of the House of David, of which nearly one hundred thousand have been printed and sold. The volume is beautifully gotten up.

The same publishers, Messrs. Pudney & Russel, New York, have issued a new work interesting to the medical profession and the public, entitled *The Trials of a Public Benefactor*, as Illustrated in the Discovery of Etherization: By Nathan P. Rice, M.D. It is a defence of the claims of William G. Norton, M.D., to the merit of discovering the benefit of the application of ether as an anæsthetic agent. The names of several of the leading physicians of the country are appended to a card recommending the work to general circulation as embracing matters of interest, not merely to the profession, but to all scientific inquirers. The same gentlemen affirm Dr. Morton's right.—However that may be, the discovery has proven a most important one, and we refer those who wish to inform themselves upon an interesting point in modern medical practice, to the work itself. It is a neat duodecimo, and will make a valuable addition to the scientific department in the household library.

Three numbers, April 2nd, 9th and 16th, of the new volume of *Littell's Living Age* have appeared, admirably sustaining the old-time character of this favorite periodical. Those who wish to secure a complete file of the Portrait Gallery, as well as two very superior novels of English life republishing in its pages, should begin without delay, and at the beginning of the volume. Of the two romances, Holmby House, a Tale of Northamptonshire, by the author of Digby Grand, and The Interpreter, is progressing with that spirit with which all stories of Chase should progress; while The Luck of Ladysmede, shortly to be commenced, will be found to possess such attractions that the most inveterate novel reader cannot fail to be delighted with it. The single paper on Sir Thomas Moore, in the second number, is worth an armload of the majority of modern magazine articles; and the Portraits and Biographical and Critical sketch of Poor Tom Hood, in the first number of the volume, cannot fail to attract every reader. We commiserate the man who does not take The Age. We would eat shilling breakfasts 7 times a week but we would save six dollars a year to pay for it. Published by Messrs. Littell, Son & Co., Boston. Four volumes per annum.

The April number of the Historical Magazine (American Notes and Queries) has just been published by Mr. C. Benjamin Richardson, New York. This periodical is specially devoted to subjects of interest connected with the history and antiquities of the country. It is in its third year, and is already a universal favorite with historical students and antiquarians. The present number contains a history of the Original Fillibuster, a letter of Wm. Pierce, Men of New England one hundred years ago, General Muhlenberg, the Six Nations in Boston, Proceedings of the various historical societies throughout the country, Notes and Queries, historical and literary intelligence, and a variety of information concerning the Antiquities, History and Biography of America. Bancroft, Everett, Sparks, Simms, and others are contributors.

A very valuable little pamphlet, issued as an extra of the Historical Magazine, and in form to be bound up with that work, has just been published by the same publisher. It is entitled the Prescott Memorial, and contains an interesting sketch of the historian and his writings, the addresses of Winthrop, Ticknor, Felton, Sparks, Everett, Gilpin, of Philadelphia, Bancroft and others, on his death, Recollections by his former Secretary, Letters, Correspondence, etc., with a really superior steel portrait, executed for the Memorial. It is an admirable tribute to the genius and worth of the immortal dead, and should have a very extended sale. Sent by mail on receipt of twenty-five cents.

Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, Boston, have just added to their excellent series of juvenile books an inviting looking little 24 mo. volume, by Mrs. Oliphant, entitled Agnes Hopetoun's Schools and Holidays. The title is a suggestive one and will awaken many pleasant expectations in those who have read the authoress's delightful Katie Stewart, etc. Many works have recently come from the same pen, the majority of which have attained an enviable popularity. None of them, however, have been written with a more exalted purpose than *Agnes Hopetoun.*

We have before alluded to the unrivalled list of practical religious treatises issued by Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, Boston, and Smith, English & Co., Philadelphia. This series has just received the addition of two valuable little works, neatly printed and bound, from the pen of Baron Stow, D. D., an eminent Boston divine. The first is on "Christian Brotherhood, a Letter to the Hon. Heman Lincoln," and is a delightful and winning persuasive to unity and brotherly kindness. The second is entitled "First Things; or, the Development of Church Life," by the same author. Its plan, an excellent one, will be at once understood from a glance at the caption of some of the chapters—the First Prayer Meeting, First Sermon, First Persecution, First Hypocrite, First Martyr, etc.

Letters from Julia Southall.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

UMBRA, April, 22d, 1859.

Dear Times:—Florence and I have been contrasting ancient and modern history to day, and I'm shocked to see how very much civilized the people are becoming. It is most interesting to contrast the manners and the morals of different ages, gradually civilizing, as they do, until they reach the culminating point of glory, 1859. Oh! the super-extra refinement of the Nineteenth Century! I'm in hopes we shall soon begin to go down hill again, and descend once more into the simi-barbarous state of our ancestors, when there was no particular time to say one's prayers; no set style in which to enter or leave a church; when people cherished their friends and scalped their enemies; when the girls wore bonnets that covered their heads, and hoop-skirts were not dreamed of; when, in short, people were free-minded and sensible generally.

People used to have some life, some feeling, some energy. They were not ossified so thoroughly as to lose human feelings or failings. And it, perhaps, romance mastered reason, and the heart was consulted oftener than the head, was not the blindness or folly of passion and enthusiasm more easily excused than the cold, hard, selfish, calculating spirit that is miscalled reason in modern times? *Reason*, forsooth, what a shameful desecration of the word!

And they call America a "free land," too! They are loud in their denunciations of the despots of the old world, and boast among nations of their liberty of thought and freedom of action! Oh, dear, the idea is enough to make one laugh! Now the plain truth is, railroad cars and steamboats have ruined the American people. They do all their work by steam, without any exertion on their part, and travel entirely too fast and with too little exercise. So since they must be doing something, they've gone and made themselves the abject slaves of a tyrant who knows no mercy, and who rules his subjects with a rod of iron. Their whole lives are employed in his service, bending and cringing to receive a smile. His sovereignty is the more to be dreaded since his throne is in the human heart, and he stretches out his sceptre over the human soul. I think they dug this hideous old monster out of the gold mines of California.

Talk of by gone golden days! If this isn't the true golden century I don't know what you'll call it, unless it is the age of brass, for there is very little pure gold left now-a-days. However, what *is* to be *will* be, if it never comes to pass, and *perhaps* we may yet see the yellow idol of our "free country," fall, and the heart and soul roused from their torpid sleep. With the hope that you, Mr. Times, may live to see the glorious period, I remain

Yours respectfully,
JULIA SOUTHALL.

HUNTSVILLE FEMALE COLLEGE.—We see it stated the Rev. A. R. Erwin, D. D. of the Tennessee Conference, has purchased an interest in this institution, of it President—Rev. G. M. Everhart—and enters in as Principal of the Literary Department and Professor of Natural Science. The Rev. J. N. Hank, A.M., of Washington city, also takes a professorship in the Institution. Both these gentlemen are represented to be highly qualified for the duties they propose assuming. —*Southern Christian Adv.*

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.—At the last session of the Board of Visitors of the University, an order was made for the erection of additional dormitories for fifty students, to be located on the western side of the grounds. An extension and improvement of Mrs. Ross' Mess Hall, so as to correspond in size and appearance with the new Mess Hall now occupied by Dr. Hammer, was ordered to be made as soon as practicable. The works for the introduction of pure water from the hills West of the University are progressing under most favorable auspices, and the hope is indulged that at an early day a large and constant supply of pure mountain water will be furnished to all parts of the University grounds.—*Charlottesville Rep.*

PRINCETON COLLEGE.—This venerable Institution, which has trained so many of our great men in all professions, is in health and vigor. The following is the number of its students:—Seniors, 55; Juniors, 92; Sophomors, 97; Freshmen, 54—Total, 298.

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, April 22d, 1859.

Adjustment of difficulties with Paraguay and Nicaragua—New line of Steamships between New York and Washington—Recognition of the Juarez Government—The Indians—The Sickles case &c.

The news which has just arrived of the amicable settlement of the difficulties between this Government and Paraguay, proves the wisdom of having fitted out the Expedition. As long as the least doubt was entertained by the authorities of the Paraguayan Republic as to whether we were resolved to use force in the assertion of those rights which they denied us, they maintained a defiant attitude and declared their determination to resist to the last.—But when our vessels were boldly moored opposite their strongest forts, when the last opportunity of protracting the negotiation had fled, and when Commissioner Bowlin announced the *ultimatum* of the United States Government to Lopez, "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream." Our demands were severally acceded to with a readiness that stands in strange contrast to the pertinacity with which they were before refused. By the articles of the treaty, all claims of citizens of the U. S. are to be promptly settled, the insults offered by Paraguay to our flag are to be atoned for, by appropriate courtesies, and friendly relations will then be reestablished between the two Republics.

Simultaneous with the gratifying intelligence of the success of the Paraguay commission comes the announcement that the adjustment of the long-drawn Nicaraguan embroglio is now *un fait accompli*, thanks to the energy and foresight of Pres. Buchanan and the Secretary of State.—The treaty contains nothing whatever placing this Government in the position of a protector of the Nicaraguan Government against fillibusters or internal feuds. Nor does Nicaragua insist on terms with reference to our landing troops on her soil not acceptable there. She has frankly and gracefully consented that we may land troops for the protection of our citizens on the isthmus, and that this Government shall be the judge of the emergency for such landing of american troops. There have two important and troublesome questions of foreign policy been settled in a manner creditable alike to our county and its rulers.

Arrangements have just been completed for the prompt establishment of a fine line of steamships of from twelve to sixteen hundred tons burthen to ply between New York and Washington city. They are designed in part to accommodate what must soon be the heavy transit of goods between New York and the great South-West.

The United States, through its minister W. McLane has recoguised the Juarez Government in Mexico and notified Senor Mata the representative of that Government that he will be received here as the duly accredited Mexican Minister.

A delegation of Winnebago Indians who have for some weeks past been in this city on business connected with the welfare of their tribe, left on Wednesday in charge of Major Mix, for their home in North western Minnesota.

The Sickles trial has now occupied three weeks. The evidence for the defence closed on Wednesday, and the prosecution are now engaged in adducing rebutting testimony. The trial is expected to close about the middle of next week; but that will depend in great measure upon the length of the arguments. Probably no criminal trial has ever been more fully reported and has more thoroughly tested the enterprise of the newspaper press than this. It is to be regretted that so much energy has been misspent in bringing before the public eye a statement of facts so scandalous and every way unfit for publication. Q.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C. April, 25th, '59.

Everett on Washington—Additions to the Fund—The Weather and its feats and freaks—Easter Monday—Death at Chapel Hill—The Standard and the Giraffe—The $10,000 Game.

Dear Times:—Mr. Everett's lecture on Washington, a great effort on a great subject, was most rapturously received by our citizens and by the crowd of strangers, called here by the report of his arrival.—We noticed several from your burgh and from Charlotte, Goldsboro' and all along the lines of the different Railroads and the universal sentiment was that they were amply repaid and would willingly hear the eulogy again at double the expense.—Salisbury sent down a delegation of her blooming belles and the ancient borough of Orange favored us with a brilliant cluster of her choicest productions; these two delegations have a serious charge to answer in that they attracted so much of the attention and so many of the hearts of the audience from the distinguished orator before them. The position of the speaker, immediately in front of the splendid painting of Washington in the House of Commons, was happily chosen and most dexterously made use of in some of his most eloquent passages. No ordinary mind should ever have the vanity to attempt an analysis of the character of Washington or a criticism on Everett's Eulogy; successfully to do either requires a grasp of intellect and a scope of mental vision rarely vouchsafed to the men of this age; none should dare the mighty task but one in some respect, at least, capable of measuring the stretch of that giant intellect or somewhat approaching the matchless purity of the peerless original. Like the primeval growth of Californian Forests, standing alone on the mountain top, its feet laved by the eternal purity of the unsunned snow and its head reaching far beyond our ken into the cloudless radiance of Heaven, mortal instruments merely, though of perfect application to the common hero, are useless to take in or describe the dimensions of the moral grandure of Washington.

Our friend over the border, the Petersburg Express, makes quite a wide mistake, speaking of the number of the audience and the amount of receipts: the tickets were $1 each; the nett avails $515, and expenses about $15. We may append to this paragraph the statement, that "the Live Giraffe" of this city, has engaged a distinguished corps of writers for a series of Mount Vernon papers, and for every new subscriber, the Editor pays fifty cents to that fund: an example well worthy of imitation.

The fickle weather has again run through the entire gamut of changes, from sweltering heat to freezing cold, in one short week. Friday and Saturday the wind blew as if it would blow its last. Rude old Boreas certainly cracked his cheek on the occasion. Among others of his feats was the blowing off of some six inches of the tip of one of the little pinnacles around the spire of the new Baptist Church. Seemingly content with this he abstained from further damages, except that inflicted on the fruit.

Yesterday was Easter, a high festival in the Episcopal Church, regarded as commemmorative of the Resurrection of our Lord. The Choir here, under the leadership of Mr. Irving, performed a most beautiful anthem, prepared for the occasion. To day is Easter Monday, long considered by prescriptive right as a holiday. Our streets were thronged with darkies, bedizzened in all their finery, happy in being able to "go a fishing," catching anything not being supposed necessarily to be a portion of the enjoyment. Trade languished on the street; the young men busied themselves in hiving a swarm of bees, which had settled on one of the elms, and the whole atmosphere put on that pleasant, slumberous haze, indicating the approach of Spring. Our gardens show promise of a good yield, though much in need of rain. A very perceptible improvement has taken place in this respect since the establishment of Hamilton & Carter's nursery. They have distributed a great deal of seed and many fruit and ornamental trees in the city and neighborhood, as can easily be guessed after a walk through our environs.

Quite a sad affair occurred at Chapel Hill about a week ago, the death of a young lady from Boston. She had come to attend on a gentleman to whom she was engaged, and who had come South on account of his delicate health, when she was herself stricken down by the fell destroyer. Her corpse passed through this city, attended by her brother and her betrothed.

The Democracy in this city have written and talked themselves into quite a nice fix, and at present there is a warm interchange of paper bullets and spicy paragraphs going on between the Standard and, par excellence, the organ of the party, and the Live Giraffe, a modest and generally speaking a very quiet little sheet, which has the uncommon independence to do its own thinking, and occasionally the "Harper" takes occasion to touch a few strings whose notes are not the most agreeable in the ears of his mammoth neighbor. As the Irishman says "it is a very pretty fight as it stands," and we outsiders and neutrals can keep out of the dust and smoke, enjoy the good hits and long shots, and let them fight it out to their hearts' content, and then not care a straw which whips. It is thought probable that the convention will be the scene of some excitement.

The great match of Billiards, originating in a challenge from Jeereiter, of Detroit, to Phelan, of New York, for $10,000 and the "championship of America," has terminated in the triumph of the latter by some sixty points. It seems to be generally considered that the defeated player is the more skilful but Phelan the more cautious and successful, and that another game would show a different result.

Yours P. S. S.

A law recently passed in Maine establishes the annual salary of the members of the Legislature at $150. They can sit as long as they please for that sum.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., April 15th, 1859.

Dear Times: Some one has said that this planet of ours has been sent sailing through space, like a miserable, aimless ship-of-fools, and that he himself was a fool, only a very little wiser than a majority of the passengers. As we are all aboard the vessel, it would be rather a humiliating admission to subscribe to the whole sentiment. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that not a majority of our race are troubled with an excess of wisdom. Probably the comparison, just or unjust, has been recalled by the power of association. I see lying at the levee two splendid packets, each carrying about four hundred passengers—all *en route* for Pike's Peak. Really the American people love to be humbugged!

We wonder how, in the elder time, men could be so deluded as to confine themselves in dark mysterious looking castles, and toil for years, in search of a chimera of the brain, over their fires and fumes. We wonder how, at a much later day, men could brave the wave and the wilderness, in search of a fabulous land of gold and gems, which a strange fanaticism had located in the heart of South America. But is it less wonderful that thousands are now rushing, in hot haste, to a bleak knob of the Rocky mountains, because a little gold has been found there, and because *Rumor*, who "grows as she goes," says that, at the peak, there are unheard of quantities of the dust, and because, forsooth, the aforesaid *reliable* deponent further saith that the miners are gathering wealth, by about the same process, and about as rapidly as a hedge-hog gathers apples? Thousands are tending towards the diggings, by way of the Missouri river, and as many *via* the Hanibal and St. Joseph Railroad. There must necessarily be great suffering among these adventurers, from the fact that there will be nothing but game and the spontaneous products of the forest, upon which they can subsist. The most reliable information we can now get, is that there is not much gold at the peak. There will probably be a general disappointment, and many of the adventurers will have to beg their way back home, richer in wisdom, if not "in this world's goods." Among the passengers by last week's Santa Fe mail was a gentleman who had *spent* the winter (and everything else he had) in the gold regions, and was perfectly satisfied. He said he had seen several elephants in his life; but the biggest one he ever saw was at Pike's Peak.

"The king of France with forty thousand men
Marched up the hill, and then marched down again."

If you have, in your land of staid and settled habits, any sprigs of restless "Young America" who are troubled with symptoms of the *yellow fever*, tell them that if they want to grow rich rapidly, there are now but two *certain* modes of attaining their desires—either to start to Pike's Peak immediately or go to "pumping thunder at three cents a clap."

The Missouri river is now in fine boating order. There are about fifty packets running between St. Louis and the up-river country. You have heard a vast deal about the palaces, upon our western waters. But, sirs, unless you have lived or traveled upon some of our majestic streams, you know nothing of the fascination of river-life. Imagine a splendidly-finished boat of about four hundred tons' burden, crowded with passengers,—all "faring sumptuously every day" (you know how much the pleasure of a trip depends upon the *fare*) delighted by the beautifully variegated scenery along the shores and animated by high hopes. Add to this the exhilarating effects of locomotion, heightened by the occasional booming of cannon and softened by the magic of music, (nearly every western boat has a cannon and a superior band of music,) and you will have an idea of what is termed "a run up the river." There is about it romance and poetry. If there be poetry in the soul, it needs but to be struck, and the sound it yields will be music.

This it is, no doubt, that imparts such fascination to such a trip; though many, while under its influence, are unconscious of the cause. It has been said that the scream of the locomotive has driven the Naiads from the rivers and the Dryads from the woods. This is a utilitarian age. Men travel on business, or in search of business, or are driven along by a restless nature, not knowing whither or for what they go. If they are influenced by the poetry of Nature, it is merely accidental. We think the Naiads and the Dryads still retain their places—and charm the anxious soul, intent only upon the sober practicalities of life—the grand old forests, the huge bold cliff, the waving flower-scented prairie, the smooth glassy sheet of water, or the boiling angry torrent, aided by artificial music, if you please, still throw an enchantment around the son of mammon, as he whirls on through the bustle and the business of this trafficing world. But, enough *gas*. Probably it would not be uninteresting, to the fairer portion of your readers, to know how these river-men *woo*. They are good-looking chivalric fellows—gifted in all the graces of the gallant. At some point, along the river, each one has a sweetheart (of course, he has but one, young men never do.) When the boat lands—once in about three weeks, "he comes seldom in sight"—he proceeds to the abode of the fair one; and after going through with the usual amount of polite verbiage; he begins to grow serious, sigh and say I don't know what; for about this time the band from his boat strikes up a charming serenade at the door. Most charmingly they play about three or four tunes. What heart could withstand such attacks; though fortified as strongly as Jericho, the fortifications must fall about as unceremoniously as did the walls of that ancient city, at the sounding of a certain antique musical instrument.

"Methodist preachers" and "fiddlers" have to yield the palm to "steamboat men" in gallantry. A few nights ago mine hostess had a visit, which afforded us all the treat of a serenade from the band of the "Minnahaha"—what the result will be I cannot divine; but we shall see what we shall see. I weary you with nonsense, excuse me. Next time I shall try to say more and less.

Yours, &c., METROPOLITAN.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NAPOLEON, Ark., April 7th, 1859.

Messrs. Editors: It has been several weeks since I have seen a copy of "The Times," and I must assure you that I miss it very much. But of course I can not expect to get it when I am on "the wing" nearly the whole time. I left Cincinnati on the evening of Saturday the 2d inst., on the steamer "Monarch," and after a pleasant trip arrived here this morning. I had the pleasure of seeing Hon. J. C. Breckenridge in Cincinnati. He was looking very well and seemed in fine spirits. He was stopping at the "Spencer Hotel." While coming down the Ohio river, I accidentally formed the acquaintance of Hon. E. Thayer, M. C., from Worcester, Mass. He is known in Western Virginia as the founder of "Ceredo," a growing village upon the banks of the Ohio, settled by emigrants from Massachusetts.

Mr. Thayer seemed to think that slavery retards the growth and prosperity of Virginia, but he is so utterly devoid of that ultraism and hatred of slaveholders, which characterize the abolition party of the north, that he has been read out of the party, as too charitable to continue a member of it, and his election was opposed during the late canvass in Massachusetts, by the N. Y. Tribune, upon the ground that as a republican, he is not *black enough*. Mr. Thayer's sentiments may be seen from a single remark. He said, "I want no negroes,—slave *or free* around me; we are better off without any of them. If slavery is a curse to either party, it is a curse to the white man—not to the negro."

I do not admire the country along the Mississippi river. It is too flat. From the mouth of the Ohio river to this place the banks are covered with water nearly the entire distance, with the exception of the "Chickasaw bluffs," upon the 4th of which the city of Memphis is situated. At Dyersburg Landing in Tennessee, the boat stopped to take on passengers who came through the woods to the river's brink in canoes. We were informed that the water extended back from the river in some places a distance of twenty miles.

We could see, here and there, houses completely surrounded by water, from which the residents could get away only in boats.

Surely there can be but little pleasure in residing upon the banks of such a river. Give me the "old fields," poor as some of them may be, with pure air and water, and at least some chance to enjoy health, in preference to the rich bottom lands upon the banks of the Mississippi, with its annual crop of frogs, lizards, mosquitoes and tormenting flies of all descriptions, together with fever and ague and a thousand other ills to which flesh is *not* heir, in a mountain region.

The town of Napoleon is on the Mississippi at the mouth of the Arkansas, and has about 500 inhabitants. It contains a very fine U. S. Marine Hospital, one Catholic church built of wood, a small Protestant church nearly completed and two primitive hotels. The place is protected from the river by a levee, along which are a number of fine stores, and a score of grog shops, all of which seem to be doing a thriving business. The water soaks through the levee in some places, and is called "sip" water.

I desired a copy of "The Planter" published here, and going towards the office as near as I could get without wading, I met a gentleman who proved to be the editor. On expressing a wish to get a paper he jumped into a log skiff or "dug out" as they call it, and paddled to his office, and in a few minutes returned with a paper.

I have made various enquiries with regard to the health and have received a variety of answers. One man from Kentucky told me that the principal thing that affected the health was "cold steel and powder and lead." Another said that the boats sometimes brought yellow fever from New Orleans. I am inclined to think it entirely unnecessary to import diseases to this place. I omitted to mention that this is the county seat of Desha county and contains the Court House and Clerk's Office. The woods are beginning to look quite green, and thousands of black birds fill the air at times with the music of spring.

I expect to leave here to-morrow evening in the steamer Arkansas. When I again have a leisure hour and one stationary for a time, you may hear from me. Till then adieu.

Yours in haste,
"PROFESSOR."

P. S. I have had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of an intelligent gentleman from Tennessee, who has given me many interesting facts concerning Napoleon. Among others he tells me that five murders have been committed here since his arrival 22nd of January last. I send a copy of The Planter containing an account of the last. There have been in the same time *eight* inquests held. Napoleon is the grand rendezvous of gamblers and boatmen for this vicinity. So much for the morals of the place. Each of the homicides has escaped "in a skiff."

Yours, &c., "PROF."

CORRESPODENCE OF THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, April 14, 1859.

Dr. Cheever—Sickles—Crime—Gov. Morgan—Pardoning Power—Snobs—Business of the Country—Hon. T. L. Clingman—Clay Festival—Theatres—Teachers for Charleston.

Dr. Cheever, headed by Greely, is lecturing or repeating his "*nigger slang*" to large houses (at the Cooper Institute,) of dear, grunting, wailing, sympathy hunters, to whom charty at a *great* "*distance* lends enchantment to the view!" As a reward for his insanity on this subject, the Republican Legislature has made him one of the Regents of the N. Y. University.

The "Sickles trial" and public scandal consequent to it, have the monopoly here *just now*, and a tremendous sympathy is manufactured by libertines and a large class of other people, on both sides of the subject; the whole of which is a great misfortune to all concerned, and a great scandal to community. If all the fashionable world, even at Washington or New-York, who are guilty of the heinousness of Key's crime, were exposed and brought upon the stand with the collateral testimony, the criminal dockets of this country would not be purged in the next twenty years "Wickedness in high places" is rampant; in low ones abundant.

Governor Morgan of this State has shown great firmness and put to shame his predecessors, by refusing to pardon a notorious woman for poisoning her husband. He very properly says that a court and twelve jurymen, with an impartial trial, is the proper tribunal of such cases, in this country, and not petitioners, and opposers to the death penalty; and with thousands of such interceding with him, he says "*the Law must be executed;*" to which I say amen! In New-York, out of 61 murders *one man* was hung. In Baltimore a truer discipline prevails; four men there, for shooting Policemen were all hung in *four months*! and justly too.

"*Snobs.*"—This class of fast, nice *young gentlemen* here, who go *blind* at about thirteen years of age, and who, like a lesser animal, ought to have been blind in the *beginning*; can't get about without having a pair of "*glasses*" drawn across their *nose*, through or over which, by bobbing their heads like a young duck, they are occasionally able to see some *thing!* But "O, my," as a young lady said in my hearing a few days since, "all well bred fashionable young gentlemen now wear them, especially at parties, they look so dignified!" Here her hoop got out from under her foot and extended itself so majestically, in gradual expanding gyrations, that I retired.

It was currently reported here in political circles before Mr. Clingman of N. C. left for Europe, that he had abandoned Mr. Buchanan, and was favoring Mr. Douglas, in his leading measures.

The Clay Festival Association held their anniversary this year, with a large attendance and unusal enthusiasm. The speeches, songs, eatables and drinkables all flowed out and poured in, to their great joy.

A new French Theater has just opened on Broadway, under favorable auspices. Now we have the American, French, Dutch, Irish and African races, all presented by proxy to the public.

Col. Memenger, of Charleston, takes two teachers from our Public Schools here, and one from Boston, to take charge of a large School to open in Charleston, the present month, all of whom rank very high. Yours &c. E.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, April 30, 1859.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

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GRIFFITH J. McREE.	J. C. FITZ GERALD
and others.	and others.

THE MOUNTAINS OF N. C.

This is about the season in which many of our people are forming plans for summer excursions. Large numbers are in the habit of journeying every year, and there are few so tied to home that they do not find a week or more occasionally for a jaunt to a greater or less distance. Change of scene now and then is of service to almost every one; and the means of locomotion are now so cheap and abundant that almost every one can use them.

Our people and those of the other Southern States have been very much in the habit of going in the summer to Newport or Saratoga or some of the northern cities. The habit has much to recommend it. It brings those who live in distant portions of the country in contact with each other, removes prejudices, gratifies curiosity, enlarges the information of both parties, and is of advantage in many other ways, social, moral and political.

We can not help thinking, however, that it is the duty of every citizen to be familiar, first of all, with the region in which he lives. Before going abroad he should have learned the resources, capacities, wants, interests of his own State. The dweller on the sea should visit the interior, the mountaineer go to the lowlands, and each become well acquainted with all that nature has done, and man left undone, in that wide realm which each of us calls his home. There is much ignorance on these points among us, which ought to be removed.

Only a few years ago, it is true, it was easier for a citizen of Edenton or Newbern to reach Quebec than Asheville: it took less time, and cost less money. Now all this is changed, and the extremes of the State are of easy access from each other. And, this being so, there is no excuse for their mutual ignorance.

The mountainous district of our State is becoming, every year, better known, and, so, more attractive. Years ago we heard from the report of enthusiastic botanists or adventurous hunters of the grotesque, of the magnificence of our mountain scenery. The wealthy citizens of South Carolina were far ahead of us in learning to secure health, and gratify their love of beauty, in its wild and romantic scenes. We too are becoming ashamed of our indifference, and among those who are now projecting excursions for the summer, hardly any direction is more frequently spoken of than that of our own mountains. We have long indeed been aware of their superiority. No man has visited them who have not returned loud in praise of them, and we are sure that every year the number will largely increase of those who will seek an acquaintance with them.

In height they are ascertained to be superior to any east of the Rocky mountains. In variety and richness of scenery they are unsurpassed anywhere. In rugged grandeur they compare with the Alps. The Appenines and the Pyrenees are rivalled by their ever-varying forms of sublimity and beauty. In extent the White mountains of New Hampshire are very far inferior to them. A feeling of pride in our own superiority, as well as good taste should draw our people thither.

To those who are not familiar with the peculiarities of our mountain region, we may commend a volume of a little more than a hundred pages, entitled "The Scenery of the mountains of Western North Carolina and North-western South Carolina." by Henry E. Colton, published by Pomeroy, of Raleigh. It is the only guide-book to our mountains, and will give competent information to the tourist who may consult it. We notice occasionally some want of distinctness in its descriptions, and find the map rather meager, as well as inconveniently large. Yet it will do very well, and we doubt not, will be improved year after year, as the mountains themselves are better explored, and the accommodations there multiplied. None, now, can stay away for want of information, and we hope that large numbers of our people will resort thither this season, and if they owe the suggestion to us, we are sure they will thank us for it.

MR. EVERETT AT CHAPEL HILL.

We are indebted to a friend for the following interesting account of Mr. Everett's late visit to our University:

We are heartily glad that Mr. Everett has at length gratified the ardent wish of so many among us by delivering at several of the principal places in our State his celebrated oration on the character of Washington. And we are especially pleased that he has offered so finished a specimen of oratory to the numerous young men who are assembled from all the Southern States within the walls of our University. To the most of those who heard Mr. Everett elsewhere the hearing was a pleasure only a simple gratification of taste; but to the young men at Chapel Hill it was the presentation of a model, the introduction to their minds of a new style, and that a very high style, of an art in which many of them may be emulous, and some, we trust, conspicuous in after life.

The pleasure with which these young men listened to him was well shown in their abundant, and, we must add well-timed and judicious applause. The amount of profit they may derive from it can appear only hereafter. We are sure the impressions then made will long abide with them, and that none of them will readily or soon forget the enjoyments of that evening.

Mr. Everett is certainly the most accomplished speaker of our country, and our time. We think him beyond comparison the most finished orator. Those who deny him the higher qualities of eloquence—the vehement passion that carries every hearer away captive—should remember that such passion comes from the pressure of real dangers, the great emergencies of life, and must exist in the hearer as well as in the speaker, to give the full effect to such oratory. But in such a case as this, an analytic delineation of character, and the persuasions that attach to it, such passion is out of place, and the simulation of it would be resented as an impertinence.

We at least have never listened to an effort of this kind which seemed to us so perfect, and of so lofty a perfection. Language of the utmost purity and precision, sentences gracefully fluent and of every variety of melody, pictures most exquisitely painted, which a tint more or a touch less would have spoiled, a most genial sympathy with the elements of greatness in the character of Washington, a voice of rare sweetness and compass, most skilfully modulated, and an action highly animated and adapted to every sentiment he uttered, these form no ordinary combination, and yet fall far short of telling all that charmed us in Mr. Everett. If to make his audience feel as he felt, and see what he saw, admire what he admired, love what he loved, be any test of eloquence, we must pronounce him eloquent.

We have heard it remarked by one who had heard this address again and again, that its excellence was more apparent and striking on each repetition. We can well understand how this should be.—The whole is a piece of most artistic workmanship, in which every sentence and word has its appropriate place, and these nice adjustments, as, they are studied by the artist, are appreciated best by the repeated study of the hearer. It is like a complex yet most perfect musical overture—a master's work—which is never fully understood at once, but when heard again and again, it becomes all beautiful, and what at first seemed discords prove to be more subtle and delicate harmonies.

To the young men at Chapel Hill this address must prove of incalculable worth. It will correct false impressins of what true eloquence is, and guide their future efforts, as a model higher and purer and more perfect than any they have been used to hear.

Our account of the doings at Chapel Hill would be incomplete, did we not add that Mr. Everett was met at the outskirts of the village by the Students of the University, and escorted by them with every token of hearty welcome, to the house of Prof. Hubbard, where he was entertained during his stay: the Professor and Mr. Everett being both natives of Massachusetts, and acquaintances in former years.—We will add that the behaviour of the young gentlemen was throughout all that could be wished, quiet, respectful, and appreciative.

LA PLATA, THE ARGENTINE CONFEDERATION, AND PARAGUAY. Being a narrative of the exploration of the tributaries of the river La Plata and adjacent countries during the years 1853, '54, '55, and '56, under the orders of the United States Government. By *Thomas J. Page*, U. S. N., commander of the expedition. With Map and numerous engravings. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1859.

The government of the United States is yearly engaged in scientific and historic explorations and adding vastly to the stores of useful knowledge. Her watchful and enquiring eye is searching into every quarter of the globe and with outfits upon a scale of magnitude equal to the munificent resources of the government.

It was upon one of these expeditions that commander Page was engaged when he visited and explored the LA PLATA region, embracing a vast scope of country and of the richest material. It is but a few years since the narrow minded views of the rulers of that country would permit a foreign vessel to enter its territory. Notwithstanding the richness of the interior, bordering the numerous streams flowing from the Andes through the country to the Atlantic Ocean, and the immense navigable resources of these streams, opening avenues for commerce, with a region of country embracing an area of not less than 800.000 square miles, yet the seal to these waters were now first broken.

The government of the United States was the first to avail itself of the opportunity thus offered to all maritime nations to obtain a more extended knowledge of La Plata. The explorations embraced about three thousand six hundred miles by water, and of four thousand four hundred by land through Paraguay and the Argentine Confederation. The narrative details in style full of interest the journeyings of the expedition; the history, customs and appearances of the people, politically and civilly. The book itself is a highly interesting work, full of useful and entertaining information; and the recent connection of the United States with that country adds a new link of value to the book. We read the book with especial interest, and heartily commend it as a valuable addition to our useful knowledge.

The publishers have given it that care and attention which the importance of the work demanded, and a better gotton up book is rearly met with. The numerous illustrations are well executed and the large map adds much to the understanding of the narrative. The large resources of the Messrs Harpers have enabled them to make the book what it should be in every respect.

HISTORICAL ACCURACY.—A writer in one of our literary exchanges, who has undertaken to give biographical sketches of distinguished characters, has fallen into some strange errors. He states that Sir Walter Raleigh was *hanged*, whereas all authorities agree that he was *beheaded* on the 28th of October, 1618. In his sketch of Oliver Cromwell he confounds him with one of Henry the Eighth's minions, and represents Cardinal Wolsey as addressing him in Shakespeare's play of Henry VIII. It is almost unnecessary to state that the great Protector did not make his appearance in the pages of history until a century after Wolsey's death. These misstatements are seemingly trivial matters but as it is evident the sketches are intended for the information of persons, who may not have time or opportunity to seek for further information, it is important they should be correct, as far as facts are concerned. We respectfully suggest to the writer, the necessity of a more careful study of history, before he *attempts* to instruct others.

Our Poetical Gallery.

NUMBER, II.

A GALLERY OF SPRING PICTURES.

There is something in the awakening of nature from the cold forms of winter into the fresh, life-giving impulses of spring, that has in all ages kindled the emotions and loosened the tongue of the poet, always the first to interpret a grand thought:—

"Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come;
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, vail'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend."

As the representative of the whole class of humanity the poet sings thus of nature's disenthralment, and woos the soft breath and holy inspiration of the milder, more delicate-handed season, typified as a blooming young maiden, radiant, and crowned with flowers. Even ere the cold rough blasts be entirely dissipated, he eagerly anticipates the coming joy, and in the first note hears—

"The blue birds prophecying Spring,"

and in the first breath of the softening gale beholds—

"Usurping March defeated, * * *
* * * his trophies at the winter's feet."

"May-day," says Leigh Hunt, "is a word which used to awaken in the minds of our ancestors all the ideas of youth, and verdure, and blossoming, and love, and hilarity; in short the union of the two best things in the world—the love of nature, and the love of one another. It was the day on which the arrival of the year at maturity was kept, like that of a blooming heiress. They caught her eye as she was coming, and sent up hundreds of songs of joy."

"Now the bright morning-star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire:
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long."

and Spenser, rare old Spenser,—

"To see these folks make such jovisaunce,
Made my heart after the pipe to daunce,
Then to the greene-wood they speeden him, all,
To fetchen home May with their musicall;
And home they bringen, in a royall throne,
Crowned as King; and his queen attone *
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
A fagre flock of faeries, and a fresh bend
Of lovely nymphs. *O that I were there*
To helpen the ladies their May-bush beare."

and this, from Pasquil's Palinodia, 1634,—

"Happy the age, and harmless were the dayes
(For then true love and amity was found)
When every village did a May pole raise,
And Whitsun-ales and May-games did abound;
And all the lusty younkers in a rout,
With merry lasses dauncèd the rod about;
Then friendship to their banquet bid the guests,
And poore men fared the better for their feasts"

But the sports and delights of our ancestors of two hundred years ago on English ground, have been frowned away. Happily the bare fact of Spring has survived the onslaught of utilitarianism.

Our own lamented Percival has beautifully pictured the season in one of the sweetest of his lyrics,—

"I feel a newer life in every gale;
The winds that fan the flowers,
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
Tell of serener hours,—
Of hours that glide unfelt away
Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south wind calls
From his blue throne of air,
And where his whispering voice in music falls,
Beauty is budding there;
The bright ones of the valley break
Their slumbers, and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
And the wide forest weaves,
To welcome back its playful mates again,
A canopy of leaves;
And from its darkening shadow floats
A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;
The tresses of the woods
With the light dallying of the west-wind play;
And the full brimming floods,
As gladly to their goal they run,
Hail the returning sun."

And Willis, in the delightful verses, "April hath Come," so exquisitely portrays feelings suggested by the happy circumstance, that we cannot forbear transcribing them entire,—

"I have found violets. April hath come on,
And the cool winds feel softer, and the rain
Falls in the headed drops of summer time.
You may hear birds at morning, and at eve
The tame dove lingers till the twilight falls,
Cooing upon the eaves and drawing in
His beautiful bright neck, and, from the hills,
A murmur like the hoarseness of the sea
Tells the release of waters, and the earth
Sends up a pleasant smell, and the dry leaves
Are lifted by the grass; and so I know
That Nature, with her delicate ear, hath heard
The dropping of the velvet foot of Spring.
Take of my violets! I found them where
The liquid South stole o'er them, on a bank
That lean'd to running water. There's to me
A daintiness about these early flowers
That touches me like poetry. They blow
With such a simple loveliness among
The common herbs of pasture, and breathe out
Their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts
Whose beatings are too gentle for the world.
I love to go in the capricious days
Of April and hunt violets; when the rain
Is in the blue cups trembling, and they nod
So gracefully to the kisses of the wind.
It may be deem'd too idle, but the young
Read nature like the manuscript of heaven,
And call the flowers its poetry. Go out!
Ye spirits of habitual unrest,
And read it when the "fever of the world"
Hath made your hearts impatient, and, if life
Hath yet one spring unpoison'd, it will be
Like a beguiling music to its flow,
And you will no more wonder that I love
To hunt for violets in the April time."

* Attone, at once and with him.

Every reader will remember Albert Pike's invocation to Spring, commencing—

"O thou delicious Spring!
Nursed in the lap of thin and subtle showers,
Which fall from clouds that lift their snowy wing
From odorous beds of light enfolded flowers,
And from enmassed bowers
That over grassy walks their greenness fling,
Come, gentle Spring"

It is worthy of being treasured among one's choicest gems. But we return once more to Willis, and to conclude,—

"The spring is here, the delicate-footed May
With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers;
And with it comes a thirst to be away,
Wasting in wood-paths its voluptuous hours;
A feeling that is like a sense of wings,
Restless to soar above these perishing things.

We pass out from the city's feverish hum,
To find refreshment in the silent woods;
And nature, that is beautiful and dumb,
Like a cool sleep upon the pulses broods;
Yet, even there, a res less thought will steal,
To teach the indolent heart it still must *feel*.

Strange, that the audible stillness of the noon,
The waters tripping with their silver feet,
The turning to the light of leaves in June,
And the light whisper as their edges meet;
Strange that they fill not with their tranquil tone,
The spirit, walking in their midst alone.

There's no contentment in a world like this,
Save in forgetting the immortal dream;
We may not gaze upon the stars of bliss
That through the cloud-drifts radiantly stream:
Bird-like, the prison'd soul will lift its eye
And pine till it is hooded from the sky."

The sentiment of the last stanza will strike the reader just in proportion as the mood sentimental may be upon him. It is not a natural suggestion of the season.

J. S. H.

THE WHITE MEN OF ENGLAND.—The following picture of the white laborers in England, says the New York Day Book, ought to shut forever every Englishman's mouth about horrors of negro servitude; and, we would add, the fanatics and abolitionists of the North too; for in England there is a large field open for the sickly sympathy and sentimentality which they profess to feel for the negro population of the South.

"It is notorious that most English colliers become asthematic at the age of thirty years. And as hard as their life is, there are 480,000 able bodied men in England alone who cannot get employment in mines or anywhere else. The commissioners appointed by the British Parliament often mentioned such facts as these. The seams are so thin in some colleries that several of them have only two feet headway to all the working.—They are worked altogether by boys from eight to twelve years of age, *on all fours*, with a dog belt and chain. Fire damp, wildfire, sulphur and water, at all times menace instant death to the laborers in these mines. In calico printing it is by no means uncommon, in all the districts, for children five or six years old, to be kept at work from fourteen to sixteen hours consecutively.

"Four thousand persons in Liverpool and 15,000 in Manchester live in cellars. In England 22,000 persons pass the night in barns, tents, or in the open air. There have been found such occurrences as seven, eight and ten persons in one cottage for whole days without a morsel of food."

A WEALTHY COLORED WOMAN.—The Port Gibson (Miss.) Reveille gives an account of the death of Sarah Holly, a free woman of color. She was the widow of Christopher Holly. At the time of her death Sarah owned a thousand acres of land, and thirty slaves.

MARKING PAPERS.—The Postmaster General decides that a pen or pencil mark, made for the sole purpose of attracting the eye to a particular article or portion of printed matter, does not subject matter to letter postage, as insisted on by some postmasters.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE MAY QUEEN.

BY IRA.

The ball! the ball! its living tide
Pours onward to the sound
Of Music in its swelling pride,
Of Pleasure in its bound.

'Tis said that in the fairy East
No angel's more replete
With all that adds to Beauty's feast
Than woman—loved and sweet.

It may be so! it may not be—
But this I know full well,
That ne'er did mortal minstrelsy
More sphere-born, softer swell,

When 'mid the lesser stars around
A cherub form appeared,
Her tiny feet disdaining ground—
Yet sought it, as they feared.

Away! Away! amid the dance
The sylph-like girl is seen,
Away! Away! each kindling glance
Proclaims the titled Queen.

Upon her brow of snowy white
The lily twines the rose;
And in her curls of waving light,
Meek flow'rets court repose.

Again! Away! she skims along
A meteor in its flight—
Amid the all-admiring throng
The meteor of the night.

In vain, in vain I seek to trace
The radiance of her mien,
In vain to picture every grace,
Her glories must be *seen*.

Then cease my heart, and let me pine;
And cease my idle lay—
I weave this wreath—though not divine,
And crown—the Queen of May!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE BROTHERS;

OR,

Reward of Love and Crime.

BY CHAS. E. W. DOBBS.

Author of "The Soldier," "Leonora Castelli," "The Traitor's Doom," etc.

CHAPTER I.

Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth;
Her eyebrow's shape was like the ærial bow,
Her cheeks all purple with the glow of youth,
Mounting at times to a transparent glow.
[Byron's Don Juan.

"WELL, I do believe Annette will die an old maid, for just see how she treats that dear man Mr. Freeland. Die an old maid! why the idea is horrible. I know I never shall if I can help it," and the haughty Miss Campbell glanced towards the mirror, but quickly averted her gaze, for she saw what all the toilet art could not efface, the marks of thirty years.

"Why, dear aunt, what gives you such a dreadful opinion of an old maid's life? I am sure it is a far preferable state to being tied by the apron strings to a man, to do just as he commands you, and certainly I shall die an old maid if all the men are as frightful as that old 'limb of the law' you just now mentioned," said the laughing Annette, who had heard the closing exclamation of her aunt's soliloquy.

"Annette, remember of whom you are speaking; you know I regard Mr. Freeland very highly, and you must not speak of him in that way," replied her aunt.

Annette said nothing, and turning away, went off singing an improved version of

"If a body meet a body
Coming thro' the rye," etc.

Annette Leslie had seen scarcely seventeen summers. No furrowed lines of care had left their impress on her health-blooming cheek; no scalding tears of sorrow had dimmed the brilliancy of her beaming heaven blue eyes; her hair of rich raven hue floated down her neck of parian whiteness in profuse ringlets; her features were regular and expressive. Indeed, she was beautiful.

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."

Merrily, and amid pleasant scenes and joyous, had her young life been passed. She had never known a mother's gentle care and nurture, for that parent passed from life's busy drama as Annette entered upon earth's pilgrimage. Her father had soon followed his companion and laid himself beside her in the "city of silence." Hence Annette was left under the guardianship of her uncle Jesse Campbell, and had passed her young and pleasure-tinted morn of life with him, and his sister before mentioned.

To say Mr. Campbell loved his charge would be too little—he almost worshipped his "baby neice," as he called the lovely Annette. No wish of hers had ever been denied—no hope or anticipation blighted. But all that wealth could procure for her of pleasure and comfort had been provided. He had looked upon her with all the tenderness and guiding care of a father. Every advantage had been furnished her, and he was overjoyed to see his treasure grow up developing all those noble traits of character which dignify and adorn the true woman. The care bestowed upon her had not been in vain, for the fair Annette was as cultivated in mind as she was beautiful in person. Annette, too, loved her kind and careful guardian, and would still, with all the ardor of her noble soul, and in the innocence of her childhood days, often imprint the warm kiss of affection upon his brow.

This state of feeling also existed between the gentle Annette and her aunt. She it was who had been the home guardian of our heroine, and faithfully had she performed her duty. And was it any wonder that she felt proud of having guided so pure and lovely a creature to maturity?

Jesse Campbell was a bachelor of some forty-five years. His was in most respects a noble soul. His heart ever obeyed the behests of cha ity, and many a suffering one rejoiced in his noble generosity. Kind to all—honest in each transaction—he was beloved by every one. But he had one fault that sometimes marred the otherwise faultless qualities of his character—he was incorrigibly obstinate. When he conceived an opinion, it was of no use to endeavor to convince him of its contrary—his mind was decided, and only time and experience could assure him of the falsity of an error once imbibed.

He was the eldest of three children of a wealthy English gentleman, who had, dying, bequeathed his wealth to him, Annette's mother and his sister. Annette's mother had married, soon after the old gentleman's demise, a very worthy man, but ere a twelve month's pleasures had come and vanished, her spirit passed to the land of joys eternal, and as before stated, her companion survived but a short time.

Miss Amanda had never married for reasons best known to herself. But it was not for the cause assigned by those persons who always know more of every one else's business than their own, that she never had had a chance. She had received offers, but her proud and haughty spirit had heretofore declined all, because she feared they wooed her for her wealth alone. Hence she had been pronounced a coquette. But, dear reader, hers was a warm heart; she could love the good—the brave—the true. Her personal attractions had never been very brilliant, and hence, perhaps, arose the conclusion that all her suitors had sought her for her wealth alone.

Thirty years of her life had nearly passed away, and she was becoming tired of the state of single blessedness. She had loved—loved truly—but the object of that love had never sought her hand. That love still filled her throbbing heart and caused her unhappiness whenever her mind reverted to the subject. He was one not of her position in life, but poor. She knew not that *he* loved *her*, or had ever felt a single pulsation of the heart for her. He was unmarried, true, and had indeed at times appeared to love her, but that *appearance* was all. Perhaps he had been prevented from seeking her hand and heart from fear of his hopes being blighted. But time will tell.

CHAPTER II.

Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice.
[Shakspeare.

Oh! colder than the mind that freezes
Founts, that but now in sunshine played,
Is that congealing pang that seizes
The trusting bosom when betrayed.
[Moore.

WHEN Annette left her aunt, she entered the flower garden surrounding the residence, and amidst its shady retreats and flower-scented zephyrs, sought her favorite bower. As she reached the loved spot she saw her uncle seated there, and softly gliding to his side she wound her arms about his neck, and imprinting a warm kiss, a token of her fond and true affection, upon his brow, she said:

"Now, uncle dear, tell me as you promised you would, why you never married."

"Annette, it is a painful reminiscence, and I fear it would cause you sorrow to hear the tale of woe," he replied, as a pearly tear-drop forced its way from its hiding place and rolled down the kind man's cheek.

Let others say "tears are unworthy of a man"—it is not so. Nature's promptings and creations are right—heaven-ordained. In the falling tear is seen the evidence of a feeling heart that is pained at the recital of human woe, and is indeed a demonstration of the *true man!* Tears oft ease the soul of half its load of grief, and cause, in the desolation of sorrow and repinings, to come a ray of joy and calm resignation.

"Tears! what are tears? the babe weeps in
his cot,
The mother singing; at her marriage bell,
The bride weeps; and before the oracle
Of high-famed hills, the poet hath forgot
The moisture on his cheeks!"

But we are digressing. Annette replied:

"Oh, no, dear uncle, I so want to sympathize with you in your secret sorrow, which I can see is causing you many a heartfe't pang of woe, and which I hope to dissipate."

"Well, Annette, since you wish to hear, I will tell you. Many years before your birth there lived a maiden as fair and beautiful in person as your own sweet self. Nature had lavished her gems on her with a prodigal hand. Wealth, too, was hers, and she seemed indeed a blest visitant from the world of light and love on high. All admired this lovely girl—I loved her—aye, I worshipped her; she was my all—with her I was content—I asked naught else beside. With her all my hopes and plans of life were associated. Often I poured into her willingly listening ear my impassioned tale of love, and I fondly hoped—aye, believed that her heart was all my own—that she loved me. We were betrothed. I was young, only twenty years of my life having glided away into the ever widening ocean of the past.

"Six months glided by. A crisis reigned in the mercantile world; failures were of often occurrence, and amid the general crash, my father fell. From that moment a secret grief has been mine, haunting me by day and in my nightly dreams. As soon as my father's failure was known to be certain, Adele wrote me a note.—I will show it to you," and taking out a well-worn packet memoranda he drew therefrom a note and handed it to Annette, who read as follows:

MR. JESSE CAMPBELL:—If I have given you cause to suppose that I loved you, allow me to say I was mistaken. It was not love, for I now feel that I do not entertain for you that regard to be called love. Indeed, it cannot be expected that we should continue our engagement as circumstances now appear. The high and wealthy should never mate with the poor! I desire that our engagement should cease. Farewell. ADELE.

"The deceitful creature," exclaimed Annette, as she handed the note back to her uncle. "And surely you did not love her after that?"

"Yes," answered the noble man, "my love knew not nor acknowledged my power of blight; it burned on brightly, despite the check it had received. I was miserable; I tried to gain an audience with Adele, but the cold 'not at home' returned to me so often bade me pause. Soon another occupied my place and bore off the prize which I had striven to gain."

"And which was not worthy of securing," interrupted Annette, while her beaming eyes told how much in her heart she detested the gay deceiver.

"But," continued he, "my father soon regained his former position; his failure had been more the result of the tight condition of the money market than the lack of wealth; but it was a good occurrence in some respects—it proved his friends—showed who played the courtier for the sake of gain and who were friends in need.

"Two years passed away. Adele's father had died and left his wealth to Adele and her husband, who had removed to another city. One cold—bleak wintry night; the wind blew hoarse without and thickly fell the drifted snow—I heard a knock at my door; I opened and beheld a poor woman with a shivering infant in her arms, with barely sufficient clothing to cover their freezing forms.—I bade them enter and remain for the night, for she told she had just reached the city. She did so, and was soon seated beside a blazing fire, and then as I gazed in the sad pale emaciated face that was bent in intense anxiety on mine, I felt a thrill of horror run through my soul as I recognized Adele—the idol of my young heart—not indeed the lovely being of two years before, for sorrow and want had driven the roses from her cheeks and the healthy glow from her countenance. I wept as I looked upon her and asked:

"'Adele! is it possible?'

"'Yes, Jesse, it is I. Can you forgive me? I have never seen a moment's joy since I deceived your trusting, manly heart in my prosperous days. I must soon leave the world and die a forlorn death!'

"'Cease, Adele, I forgive you,' I murmured, 'and will try and ease your sorrow.'

"'Thank you, Jesse,' she replied, 'not for myself, but for my child—Henry's child.'

"I summoned a servant and had them conveyed to comfortable apartments, from which Adele never emerged until they bore her lifeless form to the 'realm of shades'—the 'city of the dead.' Disease had claimed her for its victim and soon she and her babe 'went the way of all flesh,' and were placed in the 'house appointed for all living.'

"Soon after she and her husband left our city, he commenced frequenting the gambling saloon and ere long her wealth was exhusted to cater to the passions of the wretch who had married her for that alone. He then deserted her and her child to misery and beggary. She had toiled on for nearly a year and had at last made her way back to her childhood home to die, for with the poorest and the humblest,

'This fond attachment to the well known place,
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it even in age and at our own latest day.'

"Now, Annette, you know why I have never married; it is because my love was blighted in its blossoming, and my hopes crushed ere they attained fruition, by the unfeeling hand of fate, in youth."

The narrator ceased, and for a moment silence reigned. At length Annette murmured:

"And is this the power of love?"

"Yes—when persons love as I loved her—no power on earth can break the binding fetters and set the heart at liberty," replied he, while a deep-drawn sigh came up from the disturbed fountain of his soul.

Annette became more thoughtful.—She had seen another phase of life—and that was the first she had seen other than from the "sunny side."

TO BE CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

LINES TO DUMP.

BY FRANK.

May all your days be bright with joy,
No sorrow cloud thy brow,
No briny tears to dim those eyes,
That smile so lovely now.

Of all the pleasures, earth can give,
May you possess a part,
May all your friends prove ever true,
None false to wound thy heart.

May you possess a Saviour's love,
His guiding hand obey,
His holy admonitions heed
To cheer thee on thy way.

These blessings all, I ask for thee,
Of him who reigns above,
That he may guide thee safe through life,
To that bright world of love.

From the Planter and Mechanic.

STRAWBERRIES.

It is conceded by every one who believes, and especially by those who have paid most attention to the good things of this life, that there is not in the whole epicurean creed a more exquisite luxury than

"A dish of ripe Strawberries
Smothered in cream."

And what is more interesting to us in this utilitarian age is the fact that there is none more wholesome or more cheaply procured. Having ourselves enjoyed an uninterrupted succession of this delicious fruit during several seasons past, from the first of April till the middle of July, without even ordinary attention to the cultivation of our "patch," we are disposed to tell our readers how they may "go and do likewise," or even better than this if they will follow our *preaching* instead of our *practice*. Here is the plan, then, dear reader, and the sooner you begin to carry it out the better, for let us tell you that next to September, this month is the best of the whole twelve in which to set out strawberry plants when it is desired to gather anything like a crop of well grown fruit the ensuing spring and summer.

The *soil* best suited to the wants of the strawberry is a tolerably light, rich sandy loam, but any good garden soil enriched by having a couple of inches of vegetable mould from the woods, with about one-fourth part ashes, thoroughly intermixed therewith to the depth of eighteen inches or two feet, will answer admirably.

The *aspect* which it prefers is a Northern or a North-western one. If this cannot be had the border on the north side of the garden fence will be an excellent place for the bed. This exposure will cause the fruit to be a few days later, but will greatly prolong its season. Where it is desired to have the fruit as early as possible a small bed should be planted with a Southern or Southeastern, aspect. Our own experiments have been made in the open level ground, fully exposed to the sun at all hours in the day, and where the ground is properly prepared no great fault can be found with such a situation. Far more depends on the *proper preparation of the soil*, and the *selection of varieties* than upon the aspect.

After the ground is covered with a good dressing of *vegetable* manure and deeply and finely spaded to mix the manure thoroughly with the soil, the top of the bed should be levelled and well pulverized by raking, after which the plant should be set out two feet apart each way. Where space is limited, two feet by one will answer very well, but we prefer a greater distance, even two by three feet if practicable. In setting the plants, which should be done in the evening or during cloudy weather, great care should be used to have the roots evenly spread out and covered with fine earth, so that the crown of the plant shall be just above the surface of the ground. If the weather is *very* dry, and promises to continue so, a few of the largest leaves should be removed from the plants, and a large leaf of any kind laid over them for a few days, to protect them from the direct rays of the sun. They should also receive a good watering when first set out, and occasionally afterwards if the weather continues dry. All runners should be removed at least once a week during the growing season, unless it is wished to increase the number of plants After the first season the plants will not be so much disposed to form runners, and then very little time and attention will be required to keep them down. Where straw, leaves, spent tan, or saw dust is easily obtainable, a mulching of a couple of inches of either of these, applied all over the bed, in February, will greatly prolong the bearing season, and, at the same time, render the subsequent cultivation much easier. The fruit will also be much cleaner when gathered, and less liable to premature decay from excess to wet weather. The chief advantage of the moulding, however, is to retain the natural moisture of the soil, to keep the surface cool, and to prevent it from baking after rains and artificial waterings, which latter should be applied thoroughly, at least once a week in dry weather, during the whole of the fruiting season.

With the above cultivation and the following varieties, no one who has two or three rods of ground to devote to the "patch" need be without a plentiful supply of strawberries for a large family, during three or four months of the year. When more at leisure and more space at our disposal, we will explain the peculiar sexuality of the strawberry plant.

Character of the North Carolinaans During the Revolution.

Lord Cornwallis, when left in command of the southern army by Sir Henry Clinton, was charged, it will be recollected, with the invasion of North Carolina. It was an enterprise in which much difficulty was to be apprehended, both from the character of the people, and the country. The original settlers were from various parts, most of them men who had experienced political or religious oppression, and had brought with them a quick sensibility to wrong, a stern appreciation of their rights, and indomitable spirit of freedom and independence. In the heart of the State was a hardy Presbyterian stock, the Scotch-Irish, as they were called, having emigrated from Scotland to Ireland, and thence to America; and who were said to possess the impulsiveness of the Irishman (*with the pure faith*) and determined resolutions of the covenanter.

The early history of the colony abounds with instances of this spirit among its people. "They always behaved insolently to their Governors," complains Governor Barrington in 1731; "some they have driven out of the country—at other times set up a government of their own choice, supported by men under arms." It was in fact the spirit of popular liberty and self-government which stirred within them, and gave birth to the glorious axiom; "the rights of the many against the exactions of the few." So ripe was this spirit at an early day, that when the boundary-line was run, in 1727, between North Carolina and Virginia, the borderers were eager to be included in the former province, "as there they payed no tribute to God or Cæsar.

It was this spirit which gave rise to the Confederacy, called the Regulation, formed to withstand the abuses of power; and the first blood shed in our country, in resistance to arbitrary taxation, was at Alamance in this province, in a conflict between the Regulators and Governor Tryon.

Above all it should never be forgotton, that at Mecklengburg, in the heart of North Carolina, was fulminated the first Declaration of Independence of the British crown, upwards of a year before a like declaration by Congress.—*W. Irving's life of Washington, vol, 4, page 87.*

DISTINGUISHED ARRIVALS.—Attorney General Black, a member of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, and Professor Bache of the Navy Department, arrived in this place on Tuesday last and took lodings at the Mansion House. Mr. Black had been on a trip South for the purpose of recruiting his health, and was on his return to Washington,—Prof. Bache was on his way to St. Augustine, Florida.

James Gordon Bennet, Editor of the New York Herald, with his family, was also at the Mansion House on Tuesday. We believe he had been as far South as Charleston, for what purpose we have not learned.—*Charlotte Democrat.*

LITERATURE ON A STRETCH.—The pile of books purchased of the Appletons for the School Libraries of Ohio, measures twenty-five solid cords, and weighs seventy eight tons. Placed close together on a shelf, as usual, they would reach two miles. We think that a fellow with twenty-five cords of learning in his cranium, must be some in an argument.

COLUMBIAN COLLEGE.—The Rev. Geo. W. Sampson, of the East street Baptist church, has accepted the presidency of the Columbian College. He will enter on his duties in July. The Rev. Mr. White, of Alexandria, has been elected to the chair of ancient languages in the same institution, made vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Mr. A. J. Huntington.

Knowledge is its own exceeding great reward. It is not to be gained by wishing, nor acquired by dignity and wealth. The student, whether rich or poor, must read, think, remember, compare, consult and digest, in order to be wise and useful.

THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

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Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

Trinity College Annual Commencement.

Rev. J. L. Fisher, of Goldsboro N. C. will preach the Fletcheronian Anniversary Sermon on Sunday, June 26th. Rev N. F. Reid of the N. C. Conference has been elected by the Hesperian L. Society to preach the Sermon to the Graduating Class, Wednesday, 29th at 11 o'clock A. M.

Dr. Jos. Cross of S. C. has accepted an invitation on the part of the Columbian L. Society to deliver the Annual Address at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Commencement exercises will begin at 10 o'clock A. M. Thursday, June 30th.

J. HENRY SMITH, recently called to the pastorate of the Presbyterian church of this place, entered upon the duties of his office last week and preached his first sermons on Sunday. Mr. Smith has the reputation of being an eloquent and able minister and his sermons fully sustained the position.

EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.—The 43rd Annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of North Carolina, will be held in Goldsboro' on next Wednesday.

WHIG MEETING.—The Whigs of Guilford held a public meeting in the court-house on Tuesday, being Superior court, and passed a series of resolutions adopting the course of Mr. Gilmer in the last Congress, and commending him to the district convention which meets next week at Alamance for renomination. The proceedings were handed in after our paper was nearly ready for press and we could not make room for them.

CONCORD PRESBYTERY:—The Salisbury Watchman, speaking of the proceedings of Concord Presbytery, which met at Third Creek Church in Rowan county on the 14th instant, says:

"Two ministers (and their flocks) formerly of the New School Branch of the Presbyterian church at Hendersonville, N. C., were, on examination, received into membership of this Presbytery. The case of J. B. Thomas, a ruling elder in Siloam Church, Iredell county, was tried on Saturday morning. He was charged on the authority of 'common rumor,' with a variety of offences, not one of which was proven, and the Presbytery acquitted him without a dissenting voice.

The case against M. Brown, a ruling elder in the church at this place, was also tried on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Brown was unanimously acquitted."

It is the impression of careful, intelligent business men, that there has been *too much* trade this spring, and that as a consequence preparations for the fall trade will be extensive, and in case of bad crops or epidemics, another "crash" or extension will be necessary within twelve months, which is not at all improbable. Very large shipments of specie are going and must go for two months to come to Europe, to pay for importations which have been *largely increased*.

A WONDERFUL TOWN.—The rapid growth of Leavenworth city, Kansas is astonishing. Although only four years old, it contains a population of 10,460, with an assessed valuation of $3,871,375. It has nine churches, ten schools, four daily and four weekly papers, seven job printing offices, eighty-nine lawyers and forty doctors.

The beginning of sublime sciences are often so simple they are deemed worthless.

Plagiarism.

Though it cannot be expected that the editor will in all cases detect every attempt at plagiarism amid so many correspondents, and especially since the field for theft is so large that no one man can be cognizant of the whole at one time, yet the attempt is a dangerous one, for like murder it is apt to out. No one, we presume who cares for a character at all, envies the character of a plagiarist, and therefore we shall say nothing to this point at this time, but introduce the promptings of the above remarks.

Last week we published the following poem as original, being sent to us as such. We thought it a very pretty poem.

MORN.

BY ARTHUR L. MSSERVE.

The winds came up from the restless sea,
And landward flew o'er the darkened lea,

To the rosy flush in the eastern sky,
They whispered low as they passed by,

With restless wings they floated on,
And in the trail came rosy Morn.

O'er ocean's rocks at last they stray'd,
And sunbeams on their surface play'd,

They came along o'er the meadow fair,
And the lark flew up in the morning air.

The farm-house next was left a-rear,
And hoarse sang out brave Chantioleer,

They wandered through the forest deep,
And woke the wood-bird from her sleep.

They brushed along the mountain's crest,
And woke the eagle in her nest.

They passed the churchyard with a sigh
And whispered, "not yet, in silence lie."

The sun came up from its ocean bed,
And Nature roused its drowsy head.

A friend has presented us with a copy of "The Courtship of Miles Standish," and in looking it over we found among the miscellaneous poems the following, which reminded us very forcibly of the above, and we publish them together for their *striking resemblance*.

DAYBREAK.

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the woodbird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

MR. CLINGMAN IN ENGLAND.—Among the items by the Arabia we notice that at Queen Victoria's Levee, Senator Clingman, of North Carolina, was presented by Mr. Dallas.

ARTESIAN WATER.—The Charleston Courier states that many cases of dyspepsia and nervous debility had received decided benefit from the use of the Artesian water in that city; and that several strangers from the North had also used it with favorable effects, and were so well satisfied of its wholesome and medicinal properties, that they were having forwarded to them regular supplies for home consumption.

Kansas Affairs.

LEAVENWORTH, April 22.—Gov. Medary has issued his proclamation for an election of delegates to the Constitutional Convention to assemble at Wyandotte in June.

There is a perfect party organization throughout the territory. Efforts are being made to consolidate the Opposition to the Democratic side. Both parties will make strenuous efforts to obtain control of the Convention.

FIRE IN THE WOODS.—On Thursday last a fire broke out near the Steam Saw Mill on the Fayetteville and Albemarle Plank Road, about 6 miles from town, which raged with great fury till about 1 A. M. on Friday, when it was arrested, having destroyed about 30,000 turpentine boxes, a large extent of fences, timber, &c, on several plantations.

Fayetteville Observer.

RECEPTION OF LORD LYONS.—The *National Intelligencer* says, we understand that on Monday last, Lord Napier presented his letter of recall and took leave of the President in his character of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of her Britannic Majesty, and that the customary expressions of good will were interchanged.

On Tuesday, Lord Lyons was introduced by the Secretary of State as the successor of Lord Napier, and addressed the President as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT:—My first duty in addressing you, as the Envoy of her Britannic Majesty, is, in obedience to her Majesty's express command, to assure you of her esteem and regard for you, and of her hearty wishes for the welfare of the great nation of which you are the Chief Magistrate. Her Majesty has nothing more at heart than to maintain the friendship and good understanding so happily existing between the Government of Great Britain and that of the United States.

The vast importance of the relations between the two countries would cause me to tremble in entering upon the duties of the highly honorable post to which the confidence of my sovereign has called me. I am sustained, however, by the conviction that the good will and kind feeling which animate the Government and the people will remedy my personal deficiencies. I must entreat you, sir, to view with indulgence the humble efforts which I shall constandy make to merit your approbation and to give effect to the cordial and friendly intentions of the Queen and of her Majesty's Government.

I have now, sir, the honor to place in your hands the letter of credence which her Majesty has been graciously pleased to intrust to my care.

Upon receiving the letter of credence from Lord Lyons, the President made the following remarks:

MY LORD:—I give you a cordial welcome as the diplomatic representative of your Sovereign to the Government of the United States. I receive, with much gratification the expression of her Majesty's hearty wishes for the welfare of the United States, as well as of her earnest desire to maintain the friendship and good understanding now so happily existing between our respective Governments. These assurances, proceeding from a sovereign who is universally esteemed by the people of the United States, and by none of them more than myself, are calculated to produce the best effect on the relations between the two countries. On our part these sentiments are cordially reciprocated towards her Majesty and the British people. You do not, you cannot, appreciate too highly the importance to the people, both of Great Britain and the United States, of maintaining the most free and friendly commercial and political intercourse with each other. This desirable end will be best secured by a frank and manly diplomacy, so congenial to the character of the two nations, and, so far as known to us, your own character.

SALE OF THE DEEP RIVER WORKS:—We learn that the sale of the property and franchise of the Cape Fear and Deep River Navigation Company was made at Pittsborough on Saturday last by Henry A. London, Esq., as Trustee, under the resolution of the Stockholders. The State, by Graham Daves, Esq., the Governor's Private Secretary, bid $365,000, and was declared the fortunate purchaser.

The act of the Legislature authorized the Governor to purchase at not exceeding $450,000; but the difference between the $365,000 and that sum will be required to pay off prior liens.

THROUGH TICKETS.—Arrangements have been made by which travelers desirous of taking the route via Columbia, Charlotte, &c., can procure through tickets from New Orleans to N York, and all intermediate points, going either direction. This route has labored under disadvantages in this respect heretofore, not enjoying the privilege of a through ticket system, but this new arrangement places it on an equal footing with other routes.

THE LECTURE advertised for last Friday night by Dr. Caruthers was postponed on account of sickness of the lecturer.

Tribute of Respect.

GREENSBORO' LODGE, No. 76, A. Y. M.
Friday, April 16th, 1859.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Supreme Grand Master the Universe to call from labor to his long rest our Brother A. T. Gorrell,

Resolved, That whilst we deeply lament the sudden and untimely stroke that hurried the deceased, a poor fellow-mortal like ourselves, into the awful presence of his Creator, we nevertheless sincerely and humbly trust that he may receive from the august tribunal, whither he hath gone to make his appearance, that mercy which we all so much need.

Resolved, That we, as Free and Accepted Masons, will bury the faults of our friend with his body—his virtues shall live after him—for we are taught by the wise maxims and useful rules handed down to us by our ancient Brothers and Fellows of the craft, that to relieve the distressed, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and bury the died, are the highest and noblest privileges of the fraternity.

Resolved, That the Lodge will attend the funeral of Bro. A. T. Gorrell, and observe all the solemn rites usual on such occasions.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the Journal of the Lodge, and a copy be furnished the relations of the deceased, and the Patriot and the Times, with the request that they publish the same.

G. H. GREGORY,
W. A DUNN,
J. F. JOLLEE. } Committee.

FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS IN THE UNITED STATES.

There will be a procession of BUENA VISTA LODGE, No. 21, and an Address by Bro. LEVI M. SCOTT, Esq., on Tuesday, May 3d, 1859.

The Address will be delivered in the METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, at 10 o'clock A. M.

The Ladies, Odd Fellows, and the public generally are respectfully invited to attend.

By order of the Lodge.

JOHN F. HOWLETT,
Chairman Committee of Arrangements.

New Advertisements.

Rates of Advertising.

The Times is one of the best mediums for advertising in the South, but only a few select advertisements will be inserted. One square of ten lines [or 100 words] for one week $1.00; for each additional week fifty cents. In favor of standing advertisements we make the following liberal deductions:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR
One square,	$ 5.00	$ 8.00	$12.00
Two squares,	9.00	15.00	22.00
Three "	12.00	20.00	30.00
Half column	15.00	25.00	36.00
One column	15.00	50.00	60.00

Professional and business Cards, not exceeding five lines—per annum, ... $5.00

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.—The Annual Sermon to the Senior Class will be delivered by Rev. L. L. Hendren of the N. C. Conference, on *Wednesday*, May 18th, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

Concert will commence at 8 o'clock, P. M. On *Thursday*, 19th, at 10, A. M., Hon. E. G. Reade of Roxboro, will address the two Literary Societies.

The Graduating Exercises will occupy the remainder of the day.

The Trustees will meet in their Session-room on Tuesday afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

T. M. JONES, *President.*

16—4w.

GREENSBORO' FEMALE COLLEGE—GREENSBORO', NORTH CAROLINA.

FACULTY.

Rev. T. M. Jones, A. M., President, and Professor of Natural Sciences and Belles-Lettres.

S. Lander, A. M. Professor of Ancient Languages and Mathematics.

Theo. F. Wolle, Professor of Music.

W. C. A. Frericlis, Professor of Drawing, Painting, and French.

Mrs. Lucy Jones.
Miss Bettie Carter,
Miss E. E. Morphis, } Assistants in Literary Departm'nt

Miss A. M. Hagen,
Miss L. C. Van Vleck,
Miss M. A. Howlett,
Miss Pattie Cole. } Assistants in Music.

Rev. J. Bethel,
Mrs. J. Bethel,
Miss M. Jeffreys. } Boarding Department.

S. Lander, Treasurer of the College.

Terms per Session of Twenty-one Weeks.

Board, including furnished rooms, servants' attendance, washing, fuel, &c., (lights extra) $50; Tuition, $20; Incidental Tax, $1: French, $10; Latin or Greek, $5; Oil Painting, $20; other styles in proportion; Music on Piano, $22,50; Music on Guitar, $21; Graduation Fee $5. The regular fees are to be paid one half in advance.

The Collegiate year begins on the last Thursday in July, and ends on the third Thursday in May.

The winter uniform is Mazarine blue merino, and straw bonnets trimmed with blue: summer, plain white jaconet. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, or elsewhere, under any circumstances whatever.

Patrons arriving in Greensboro' would do well to come immediately from the depot to the College.

For further information apply to the President. (11—1y)

ATLANTA MEDICAL COLLEGE
Announcement of Lectures.

The fifth Course of Lectures in this Institution will commence on the first Monday in May next, and continue four Months—

Faculty.

Alexander Means, M. D., Prof. of Chemistry and Pharmacy.

H. W. Brown, M. D., Prof. of Anatomy.

John W. Jones, M. D., Prof. of Practice of Medicine and General Pathology.

W. F. Westmoreland, M. D., Prof. of Principles and Practice of Surgery.

T. S. Powell, M. D., Prof. of Obstetrics.

J. P. Logan, M. D., Prof. of Physiology and Diseases of Women and Children.

J. G. Westmoreland, M. D., Prof. of Materia Medica and Medical Jurisprudence.

Practical Anatomy under the immediate direction of the Professor of Anatomy.

The Dissecting Room, supplied with good material will be open by the 15th of April.

FEES.

For the Course of Lectures	$105.
Matriculation (only once)	5.
Dissecting ticket (required only once)	10.
Graduation	25.

Good board can be had at $3. to $4. per week.

For further information address

J. G. WESTMORELAND, *Dean.*

Atlanta Ga. March 10. 1859 (11:2m:pd)

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, April 27.

Reported expressly for the Times

Bacon 12½@13; Beef 3@5; Beeswax 20; Butter 15@; Coffee 14a16, Candles, Tallow 20@25, Adamantine 28@33, Sperm 55@60; Corn 80@90 Meal 80@90; Chickens 10@15; Eggs 5@8; Feathers 40; Flour 5.00@5.00 Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, Green 5, lasses 40@50; Nails 6@7; Oats 50; Peas, 8.50; Rags 2½@; Rice 8@00; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12½, loaf 16½, crushed 16½, clarified 15; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 80@1.00; Wool 25@30.

NORFOLK MARKET, April, 25th.

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Flour, Family	$7.75	*Flaxseed*, ...	1.35
Extra.....	7.00	*Beeswax*, ...	32
Superfine..	6 25	*Dried Apples*, ₩ bu. of 28lbs....	1.75a2.00
Corn, Mixed	83a84	" *Peaches*, 40lbs. ₩ bu.....	5.00a5.25
Yellow.....	86a87	*Bacon*, W. sho'ld	8½a9
Wheat, White	140a160	do. Sides	10½a10¾
Red.....	130a150	N. C. & Va. Hog round,	11 12
Cotton, ...	11½a12	*Staves*, R.O. hhd	28a29
Peas, Black Eye	1.30	W.O. pipe.	50
Red & Black	90	do bbd	40
Lard, N.C. & V. no. 1	13½	do bbl,	28
do do 2...	13		
Fish, Mackerel 1.	12.50		
do No 2.	11.00		
do 3.	10.00		

REMARKS.—FLOUR receipts continue good. There is but little enquiry for shipment—the demand is mostly confined to consumption.

CORN—receipts are fair. The demand is good for coastwise shipment.

COTTON—The market is well supplied with common—that of prime quality is wanted.

PEAS of all kind are dull—no sales.

BEESWAX scarce and wanted.

DRIED FRUITS are dull, but little enquiry.

RICHMOND MARKET.—April, 25. 1859.

Reported weekly for The Times, by Dickenson & Cole, Forwarding and Commission Merchants.

Bacon, Shoulders,	8a8½	*Corn*, in demand	90a95
Sides,.....	10a11	*Cotton*,.....	12a13
Hams, ...	12a12½	*Cotton Yarns*,.....	23a25
Coffee, Rio, ...	13a13½	*Flour*, ...	$6¼a7¼
Java,.....	17	*Guano*, Peruvian,.....	$58a60
Mocha, ...	18	Elide, ...	45
Molasses,, Cuba,.	28a30	*Tobacco*, Lugs,...	3½a5¾
Syrup,.....	28a30	Good, ...	6a7½
N. O.,.....	40a45	Leaf,.....	7a9
Wheat, White,	165a175	Good and fine,..	9a13
Red, ...	1.55a165		

Professional Cards.

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ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR,
at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y.
105-tf.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C.
1-1y.

J. W. EVANS'
NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street,
Richmond, Va.
Subscriptions received for the Times.

JACOB T. BROWN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HIGH POINT, N. C.,
☞ Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111:1y

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 53-1y.

D. W. ELLIOTT,
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
Painter,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

ARCHITECTURE. WILLIAM PERCIVAL, ARCHITECT, OFFICE Fayetteville St. Raleigh, will supply Designs, Working Drawings, Specifications and Superintendance for *Churches*, Public and Private Buildings &c., &c.

He respectfully refers to those by whom he is engaged in this State:

New Baptist Church Committee, Raleigh,
University Building Committee, Chapel Hill,
New Court House Committee, Yanceyville Caswell County.
R. L. TUCKER,
W. M. BOYLAN, } Raleigh
W. C. HARRISON, } do
W. S Battle Esq., Rocky Mount, Edgecombe County, and others.

All Letters on Business addressed Box 106 Raleigh, N. C., promptly attended to. 15:51

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
Comission Merchants, Norfolk, Va.

ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Oranage; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, Chatham; White & Cameron, C. Phifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan.

☞ Authorized agents for the *Times*, to receive subscriptions, etc. 6:1y

LIQUORS:—WHISKIES, Brandies, Wines, Gin, Porter, Ale, Lager Beer, and Cider-Royal of warranted qualities, wholesale and retail, at the old stand of Rankin & McLean, by W. S. CLARK.
Greensboro, Jan. 1. 1859.

20.000 PRINTING CARDS, With a variety of other Materials just received at the Times Office. All kinds of JOB WORK executed in the neatest style of the Art at the cheapest prices.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Unframed Pictures.

BY WANDERER.

NUMBER VI.

JONES' FAMILY PROGRAMME.

"Well, Mary my dear, now that we are married and have settled down at home, I guess we had better decide on a plan of action, as the Colonel says the soldiers and officers do before they grapple with the enemy, for our matrimonial battle with life. What say you to a 'short and sweet' family programme?" Thus spake Walter Jones to his young and lovely wife, as they sat together on a bleak December night beside the crackling hickory wood fire, he mending a strap belonging to a set of harness and his wife paring apples.

"Oh, that is a capital idea. Yes I like it much. Then when I am about to do anything not exactly right, I can refer to the family programme," replied Mary, with all the love of an affectionate wife resting upon her features and sounding in the answer she gave her husband.

"My Mary, I don't care about the programme for you, but for myself. I know you are too good for me, and I err a dozen times a day, therefore I need a check." This was not said in a flattering way, for the speaker felt every word—it came from his heart.

"Now Walter, if you don't stop I shall call the kitten to box your ears. I am not half good enough for so kind a husband, and—"

"There, there, that will do, Mary, you are going off in the very strain you so much dislike me to follow," laughingly interrupted Walter.

"Suppose we call it square and commence inditing our family programme," said Mary.

"All right, and depend upon it, my little wife, we will get along better when we know just what will please each other best."

We will not detain the reader with the running conversation on the various parts of the programme while it was being framed, for Walter and Mary discussed them very freely. We will give the principal features and leave it to the good sense—not imagination—of the reader to supply the vacancies.

THE PROGRAMME.

1st. Family prayer morning and evening.

2d. Think well before acting and act promptly.

3d. Live within your income.

4th. Never buy anything simply because it is cheap.

5th. Never find fault with the providence of God.

6th. Always fulfil a promise, however trivial.

7th. Never speak an angry word to one another, but ever strive to promote each other's happiness.

8th. Relate not family affairs away from home, or to any others than members of the family.

9th. Never gossip or enquire into the affairs of your neighbors.

10th. Never conceal anything from one another, but make a confidant only of husband or wife.

11th. Always do right and leave results in the hands of God.

After the list was finished it was determined to hang a copy thereof in their sitting apartment and one in the kitchen. This being done, in the hour of need, they would know where to go to learn if an act conflicted with their programme.

"Walter," said Mary some six months after what we have related above occurred, "don't you think we have got along amazingly since we were married?"

"That I do, though busy tongues said it would be at swords-points in a month. I thought because I was rather 'high flying,' and you were fond of parties, &c., that we were not mated," replied Walter, taking the hands of Mary in his and giving a kiss of genuine affection upon those rose-tinted lips. "I am glad, love, that we commenced right. I have no fear for the future, yet we must not disregard the lessons we have learned."

"Oh, how glad I am that thus far not even an angry frown has been seen on your brow or on mine. Ought we not to be very thankful to our Father in Heaven," enquiringly asked Mary, her eyes sparkling with the deep sweet consciousness that she was fondly loved.

"Yes, my Mary, we should be and are grateful for our lot, falling as it has in such a pleasant place," answered Walter tenderly. Then his face assuming a look of fun, he proceeded:

"Well, Mary, I have news for you. I met James Jackson this morning and he told me that about two months ago he came into our kitchen and, finding no one there he looked about a little, when he discovered and copied our family programme. He says he has tried it and it works tip-top. His wife has stopped fretting—he forgets to find fault, and now they are a happy family. Then grasping me by the hand he took off his hat and gave a huzza for Jones' family programme.' The fellow was almost crazy with joy, so you see, Mary, that we are doing good outside of our family circle, although we were unconscious of it."

Walter and his wife laughed heartily over the scene just related, and that night they slept more sweetly than ever before.

Many years have passed since the occurrence of the above, and Walter and Mary have grown old, but their grandchildren learn from them useful lessons, and the "family programme" still hangs, though soiled by time, in the places where first placed.

To all who live unhappily, we say try Jones' family programme, or one like it, and you will never regret the hour when your eyes were opened to a true sense of duty as a husband or wife.

From Europe.

Peace or War.—Continental advices were very warlike and threatening. The latest Paris advices say the crisis is at hand. Large bodies of Austrian troops were on the move to Italy. Great activity in France and the Paris Bourse much depressed. It closed at a decline of nearly one per cent. in the last two days.

It is reported that Austria will insist on the disarmament of Piedmont before the opening of the peace Congress.—The movements of troops and war material in France continues on a large scale—25,000 troops are on the way to re-inforce Lyons. A feeling that war is inevitable prevails at the French foreign office, and is shared by some of the highest functionaries. Orders have been sent to Toulon for 68 vessels to be ready to put to sea at a day's notice. Eight more have been ordered from Brest to Toulon. All the Marseilles vessels in the Adriatic are hastening home.

The English ambassador at Turin had suddenly left for London. Lord Malmesbury's remarks yesterday (8th inst.) in Parliament, are construed into an admission of the hopelessness of peace.

The British Ministry.—Lord Derby announced in the House of Lords that he should dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country. He rejoiced at the generous support the Government had received, and expressed his conviction that for want of cohesion, the opposition would be speedily dissolved.

The cabinet had decided to dissolve Parliament as soon as the public business permitted, because they thought at the present crisis the country ought to be consulted, and also because the interests of peace would suffer from a change in administration.

D'Israeli made a similar announcement in the House of Commons.

Bloody Fight with Indians.

The Centreville Herald, published at Centreville, Leon county, Texas, in its issue of the 8th inst., publishes the following account of a desperate conflict with the Indians, on the northern frontier of the State, in which Capt. Ford's company of Rangers was surprised by eight hundred Indians, and all killed except five:

I give you below a brief statement of the loss of forty-three of our brave Rangers in an unfortunate engagement with the Indians.

Capt. Ford, with forty-seven of his men, left camp in pursuit of the Indians, who carried off four hundred horses. He was joined by two hundred friendly Indians, and afterwards by Major Van Dorn, with two hundred and eighty regulars. After the united forces had passed the head waters of Red river, Maj. Van Dorn, not deeming it prudent to press the pursuit further without additional supplies of men and horses, turned back. Capt. Ford and men, with the friendly Indians, continued two days' travel in the direction of Kansas. Between midnight and daybreak of the second night, the friendly Indians left the camp of Capt. Ford. About daylight Capt. Ford found himself surrounded by eight hundred warriors, who demanded his surrender. He refused, and ordered his men to prepare for fight, each being armed with two revolvers and a rifle. They fought bravely and desperately, but were overpowered by numbers, and all butchered except Capt. Ford and four of his men, who cut their way through and escaped.

Among the names of those who fell fighting bravely, are the two nephews of Gen. Edward Burleson. Aaron and his brother, whose father was killed in a former engagement with the Indians, and whose untimely fate will be deeply regretted by friends and relations in our county.

The above information was brought me direct from Austin upon the arrival of the express from Capt. Ford, and is reliable.

Great excitement prevails at Travis and adjoining counties, and it is supposed that a large company will start in pursuit of the Indians as soon as preparation can be made. Respectfully,

THOS. W. BLAKE.

Business Cards.

JAMES S. PATTERSON,
PRACTICAL DESIGNER AND ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 1 Spruce Street, opposite city hall, New York.
Country orders carefully attended to.
Feb. 1860. 6-1y

NEW FIRM.
PORTER & GORRELL, Successors to
T. J. Patrick,
Wholesale and Retail
DRUGGISTS,
Greensboro, N. C. [4—1y]

BOOKS! BOOKS!!
THE STOCK OF BOOKS, &c., belonging to the late firm of E. W. Ogburn & Co., are now offered **at Cost!** Merchants and others, engaged in the sale of BOOKS, will do well to call and examine for themselves, as the stock on hand must be sold for the purpose of **Closing up the Concern.**
☞ All persons indebted to the firm must call and settle. JAMES W. DOAK,
Surviving Partner.
March 22, 1858. (115-tf.

OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND *Watchmaker*, West Market, Greensboro', N. C.—Has on hand, and is receiving a splendid and well selected stock, of fine and fashionable Jewelry, of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral Jewelry.
He has also a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches.
All repairing done in the best manner and warranted.
All persons purchasing Jewelry will do well to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market.
August, 1st., 1858. 134—tf.

HODGES BROTHERS,
23 Hanover Street,
BALTIMORE.
(White Iron front Warehouse.)

Importers of Hosiery, Gloves, Embroideries, White Goods, Handkerchiefs, Shawls, Crapes, Laces, and a numerous variety of other articles, and Wholesale dealers in American Fancy Goods and Notions.
Our warehouse, which we built expressly for our own use, contains six floors, each 30 x 160 feet, and the large stock and extensive assortment which we keep, require its entire occupancy. No house in any of the Northern Cities, jobbing goods to the country, can present the same combined advantages to the country merchant, as our stock is not only large, but obtained upon conditions which will defy competition.
We contract with the Manufacturers for all the American articles we sell, and send a buyer to Europe regularly twice a year, to select our Foreign goods. We are enabled thereby to offer great advantages in prices, as well as to get up a stock at all times replete with the newest and most desirable goods.
Merchants in good credit are invited to examine our stock when they next visit Baltimore, and they will promote their own interest by doing so.
Orders by mail carefully excuted when accompanied by satisfactory references.
Feb. 1859. 6-8m

SPRING IMPORTATION 1859.
ARMSTRONG, CATOR & CO.
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
RIBBONS, MILLINERY,
SILK GOODS, FLOWERS, RUCHE, FLATS,
—AND—
Straw Bonnetts,
No. 237 Baltimore Street,
BETWEEN CHARLES AND HANOVER STS.
BALTIMORE.
Offer a Stock unequaled in the United States in variety, extent and cheapness.
(5::3m pd.)

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
Change of Proprietors.
Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F. JONES, Proprietor.
The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating **terms.**
His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford.
The **Washington Hotel** has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the busines streets than any other in the city.
An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steamboat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge
By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals.
Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.
JOHN F. JONES.
January 1st.-1y.

VISITING CARDS.
R. G. STAPLES,
CARD WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for $1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, $2.00 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering

LOOK AT THIS.
R. L. DONNELL is taking pictures AT FIFTY CENTS. He invites all to come and give him a fair showing and he will insure them good pictures, or NO CHARGE WILL BE MADE.
Rooms formerly occupied by Scott & Gorrell, second story Garrett's brick building, West Market, Greensboro, N. C. 39-1y.

$50.00 SEWING MACHINES.—The QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or ravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well, the coarsest Linsey, or the finest Muslin, and is undeniably the best machine in market. Merchant Tailors, Mantua Makers and House Keepers, are invited to call and examine for themselves.
Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston, N. C., having tried other machines, buys one of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far better than any before in use.
All persons wishing to secure the agency for the sale of the Quaker City machine, in any of the towns of North Carolina, except in the county of Wake which is secured to Messrs Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, and the county of Forsythe, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston, should apply soon to the undersigned, agents for the State. We will pay a reasonable per cent. to all persons taking agencies.
J. & F. GARRETT, Agents.
Greensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd., 1859.

LOOK AT THIS!
WE ARE NOW RECEIVING OUR stock of **Spring** and **Summer Goods.** Our entire stock being new and of the latest styles in market, and embracing every variety of dress goods, both for Ladies and Gentlemen; also a heavy stock of Domestic Goods for servants' wear. Also a large stock of Shoes, Boots, fine and common Hats, Caps, Childrens' fancy hats, Ladies' Bonnets, some very handsomely trimmed, and a great variety of fancy articles.
We will still continue to keep our usual stock of Superior Family Groceries, Java, Laguira and Rio Coffees; Sugars, Teas, Molasses, Syrup, Lard, Oils &c., &c.
We are determined to sell for Cash or on Short Time to punctual dealers, as cheap or cheaper than they can be bought in this or any other market in N. C. All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods, at the Cash Market Price. Examine our stock before you purchase elsewhere.
COLE & AMIS,
West Market Street,
Greensboro, N. C.

1500,000 lbs. Rags! Rags!!
WANTED BY THE FOREST MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
One Million Five Hundred Thousand Pounds good Cotton and Linen RAGS.
For particulars address,
Dr. W. S. MILLER, Supt.,
Forestville, Wake county, N. C.
March, 1859. 12::6m.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.
J. H. Thacker would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and the surrounding country, that he is now manufacturing all kinds of BOOTS and SHOES **low for CASH.** He is also making all kinds of LADIES' SHOES as low or lower than they can get Northern work. Call and see for yourselves. An assortment of *SHOES and BOOTS* constantly on hand. Repairing promptly attended to.
April 15, 1859.

NOTICE.—Having retired from the *Watch* and *Jewelry* Business in *Greensboro* N. C. on account of ill health; I recommend to my customers Mr. G. L. MEENLEY, (Formerly of Messrs T. B. Humphreys & Son, of Richmond Va.) who is a *good workman*, hoping he may get the Patronage of my friends and Customers in general.
(13-tf) E. F. POWELL.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.—**Porter & Gorrell,** Successors to T. J. PATRICK, wholesale and retail druggists, are prepared to execute orders for Drugs, Medicines, and all articles pertaining to the Drug Business, with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.
With large and improved arrangements for business, and with a very heavy Stock on hand which has been selected with unusual care we feel satisfied that we can offer inducements to Physicians and others who may give us a call.
Physicians who buy from us can rely on having their orders filled with pure and reliable DRUGS.
Special attention will be given to orders.

FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL,
High Point, N. C. Railroad, 15 miles West of Greensborough.
Rev. N. McRAY, *Principal*, with efficient assistants.
The object of this Institution is to provide for the thorough education of Young Ladies, and as an additional feature, to qualify such of them as may desire it for the avocation of teaching. Its next session will open on the 1st of February, in the new Brick Building recently purchased by the undersigned. The building is situated in a beautiful grove, on a commanding eminence, and a sufficient number of well-furnished rooms to accommodate 100 boarding pupils. We have made arrangements for lectures, experiments and instruction in Natural Sciences, with L. S. Burbank, A. M., formerly associated with Prof. Wm. Russel, in the New England Normal Institute, and more recently Professor of Natural Science in a Southern College. High Point is 943 feet above the level of the sea. The experience of ages has demonstrated the wisdom of educating in elevated and healthy sections of country. The expenses are less than at any other institution of the character in the State. Board, and furnished rooms with fire-places, fuel, &c., $6 per month. English Branches $6 to $15 per session. Languages and ornamentals low. Board and half the tuition required in advance. The proprietor, Teachers and Pupils dwell together, and eat at the same table.
☞ 30 Young Ladies will be received and credited for Tuition until they can teach and pay it. Situations guarantied to such.
For full information, address,
REV. WM. I. LANGDON, *Proprietor.*
Jan. 20, '59. High Point, N. C.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Orations, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON,
107tf Baltimore, Md.

Blank Warrants—For sale at this Office

DR. BAAKEE

TREATS ALL DISEASES.
DR. BAAKEE will give special attention to the following diseases:—Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Croup, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis and all other diseases of the Nose, Mouth, Throat and Lungs. Attention given to the treatment of all skin diseases—Lumbago, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Neuralgia Paralysis, Epilepsy, Dispepsia, Piles and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels; and also, all Chronic diseases pertaining to women and children. Dr. Baakee can produce one thousand certificates of his perfect success in curing, Cancer, Old Sores or Ulcers, Fistula, Swellings, Scald Head, Wens or Tumors of every description, and without the use of the knife. These last named diseases cannot be treated by Correspondence, therefore, the patients must place themselves under the doctor's personal supervision.
DR. BAAKEE has made a new discovery of a Fluid that will produce perfect absorption of the cataract, and restore perfect vision to the Eye, without the use of the knife or needle; and he cures all diseases of the EYES AND EARS, without the use of the Knife; and he has constantly on hand an excellent assortment of beautiful ARTIFICIAL EYES, and TYMPANUMS or (ear drums,) suitable for either sex and all ages—inserted in five minutes.
DOCTOR BAAKEE is one of the most celebrated and skilful Physician and Surgeon now living; his fame is known personally in every principal city of the World. All letters containing ten cents directed to DOCTOR BAAKEE asking any questions pertaining to any disease shall be promptly answered, and all Chronic diseases can be treated by Correspondence except those mentioned that will require his personal supervision.
☞ Office Hours, from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.
DR. BAAKEE.
Office, No. 74 Lexington street, between Charles and Liberty streets, Baltimore, Md.
1-1y.

PROSPECTUS OF THE
N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION
FOR 1859.

THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE JOURNAL will commence with the next year, and the first number will be issued about the middle of January. It will be published monthly, and each number will contain not less than thirty-two pages of reading matter.

The Journal will be neatly printed, on fine paper and in a style fully equal to the present volume; the aim of those who have charge of it will be to make it a valuable auxiliary in the cause of education.

It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association and under its control. Through its pages the General Superintendent of Common Schools will communicate with the School officers and teachers of the State.

Articles are solicited from teahers and other friends of education—

TERMS
(Invariably in Advance)

FIVE COPIES, or more, ordered at one time, or to one address ONE DOLLAR each per annum

Additional copies at the same rate.

Single copy.....$2.00

All Teachers and school officers are requested to act as agents.

Journal and Times,.....$3

The Teacher who sends us the largest number of subscribers (not less than thirty) before the first of January, will be entitled to half a page of advertising for the year; The one sending the next largest number will be entitled to the fourth of a page: And each one sending 25 or more will be entitled to a card, not exceeding eight lines.

☞ *All communications should be addressed to* J. D. CAMPBELL *Resident Editor, Greensboro', N. C.*

Good Times Come at Last.
THE BEST, CHEAPEST AND MOST ELEGANT STOCK OF READY MADE **SPRING** and **SUMMER Clothing** has been received by the undersigned. Our stock consists of Coats, Pants, Vests &c., made in the latest style and in a superior manner to any that has ever been shown in this country. Also Hats, Boots, Shoes, Shirts, Collars, Drawers, Watches, Jewelry, Pistols, Portmonies, Knives, Umbrellas and Carpet Bags, in fact everything that is necessary in a Gents' large furnishing Store.
These goods were bought and will be sold at prices defying competition.
Come and give us a call and you will not leave dissatisfied. S. ARCHER & CO.
Spring, 1859.
Those indebted to S. Archer, or S. Archer & Co., are hereby earnestly requested to make payment.

NOTICE TO PHYSICIANS. A PHYSICIAN'S SITUATION is for SALE, with real estate, in a pleasant village, among the mountains of Va. The purchaser will be introduced to a practice which pays from, **$2000 to $2,500** a year and constantly increasing. Good Society and good Schools. An excellent location for a regular Physician.
Enquire of the Editor of this paper. 15:tf.

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying *I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time.* Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.
Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
Greensboro, N. C.
And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.
☞ The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

Children's Department.

EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER,

"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

BE KIND TO ALL.

My Little Friends:—In the language of another I am going to tell you of some things I love:

I love an open countenance,
A kind and noble face;
The index of an honest heart,
That loves the human race;
A brow on which a smile is throned,
Like sunlight on a flower—
As open as the regal skies
With beams of love and power!

I love the kind and welcome glance
That proves we're not alone;
And oh! how sweet to find at times
Some feelings like our own!
A heart that beats with purest hopes,
To pity and to bless,
That strives to make earth's comforts more,
Its pains and follies less!

I love the man whose generous smile
Is given with his hand—
Who sees his equal in all men,
And all men equal stand.
Who sees not the distinction made
By human laws, between
The man who has and who has not,
But loves from what he's seen!

I love the man whose heart is true,
Who seldom wears a frown,
And loves all men, from him who toils,
To him who wears a crown;
With mildness ever on his lips,
A free and open mind—
A brow with mental grandeur span'd,
A soul supremely kind!

And now, as I want you to be kind and especially to the poor, I have selected a beautiful story for you to read, from the Guardian published by the Female Guardian Society, New York. I think when you have perused this story you will all admire the conduct of little Helen. I hope too you will try to act like her; and not be like that wicked, hard-heated and selfish boy, Hinton, who spake so harshly to

THE BEGGAR-BOY.

"Get away with you, you dirty beggar-boy. I'd like to know what right you have to look over the fence at our flowers?" The speaker was a little boy not more than eleven years old, and though the people sometimes called it handsome, his face looked very harsh and disagreeable just then.

He stood in a beautiful garden, in the suburbs of the city; and it was June time, and the tulips were opening themselves to the sunshine. Oh! it was a great joy to look at them as they bowed gracefully to the light with their necks of crimson, or of yellow and carnation. The beds flanked either side of the path that curved around a small arbor, where the young grape clusters that lay hidden among the large leaves, wrote a beautiful prophecy for the autumn.

A white railing ran in front of the garden, and over this the little beggar boy, so rudely addressed, was leaning. I am afraid you would have turned away in disgust from so repulsive a spectacle, and yet God and the angels loved him!

He was looking with all his soul in his eyes on the beautiful blossoms, as they swayed to and fro in the summer wind, and his heart softened while he leaned his arm on the fence railing, and forgot every thing in that long, absorbed gaze! Ah! it was seldom the beggar boy saw anything that was either very good or beatiful, and it was sa' his dream should have such a rude awakening.

The blood rushed up to his face and a glance full of evil and defiance flashed into his eyes. But before the boy could retort, a little girl sprang out from the arbor and looked eagerly from one child to the other. She was very fair, with soft hazel eyes, over which dropped long, shining lashes. Rich curls hung over her almost bare white shoulders, and her lips were the color of crimson tulip blossoms.—"How could you speak so cross to the boy, Hinton?" she asked with a tone of sad reproach quivering through the sweetness of her voice, "I'm sure it does us no harm to have him look at the flowers, if he likes."

"Well, Helen," urged the brother, slightly mortified and ashamed, "I don't like to have beggars gaping over the fence. It looks so low."

"Now that's a notion of yours, Hinton. I'm sure, if the flowers can do any body any good, we ought to be very glad. Little boy,"—and the child turned to the beggar boy and addressed him as courteously as though he had been a prince—"I'll pick you some of the tulips if you'll wait a moment."

"Helen, I do believe you're the funniest girl that ever lived!" ejaculated her brother as he turned away and with a low whistle sauntered down the path, feeling very uncomfortable for her conduct was a stronger reproof to him than any words could have been.

Helen plucked one of each specimen of the tulips, and there was a great variety of these, and gave them to the child. His face brightened as he received them and thanked her.

Oh! the little girl had dropped a "pearl of great price" in the black, turbid billows of the boy's life, and after-years would bring it up, beautiful and fair again.

Twelve years had passed. The blue-eyed girl had grown into a tall, graceful woman. One bright June afternoon she walked with her husband through the garden, for she was on a visit to her parents. The place was little changed, and the tulips had opened their lips of crimson and gold to the sunshine just as they had done twelve years before. Suddenly they observed a young man in a workman's blue overalls, leaning over the fence, his eyes wandering eagerly from the beautiful flowers to herself. He had a frank, pleasant countenance, and there was something in his manner that interested the gentleman and lady.

"Look here, Edward," she said, "I'll pluck some of the flowers. It always does me good to see people admiring them," and then releasing her husband's arm she approached the paling, saying– and the smile round her lips was very like the old child one—"Are you fond of flowers, sir? It will give me great pleasure to gather you some."

The young workman looked a moment very earnestly into the fair, sweet face.

"Twelve years ago this very mouth" he said, in a voice deep and yet tremulous with feeling, "I stood here, leaning on this railing, a dirty, ragged little beggar boy; and you asked me this very question. Twelve years ago you placed the bright flowers in my hands, and they made me a new boy—ay, and they made a man of me, too. Your face has been a light, ma'am, all along the dark hours of my life, and this day that little beggar boy can stand in the old place and say to you, though he's an humble and hard-working man, yet, thank God he's an honest one."

Tear-drops trembled like the morning dew on the shining lashes of the lady, as she turned to her husband, who had joined her, and listened in absorbed astonishment to the workman's words. "God," she said, "put it into my child-heart to do that little deed of kindness, and see now how very great is the reward that he has given me."

And the setting sun poured a flood of rich purple light over the group that stood there—over the workman in his blue overalls, over the lady with her golden hair, and over the proud-looking gentleman at her side. Although it was a picture for a painter, the angels who looked down on it from heaven saw something more than a picture there.

Shun a man who does not pay his compliments to the ladies. He who is wanting in honor towards curls, will invariably attempt to dodge the grocer, tailor and butcher. Faithlessness to the dimity institution, is a sure sign of a want of principle, piety, and good bringing up.

PAIRING OFF.—Ten weddings have taken place within five miles of Swansboro Onslow county, N. C., during the six weeks last past.

A young lady says, that if a cart wheel has nine fellows, it is a pity if a woman can't have one. Sensible girl.

When is a man like a rooster? When his head is combed.

ON rainy days, repair your tools.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

Farm Work.

CORN PLANTING.—Corn should not be planted until the earth is warm enough to make it grow quickly. With very early planting there will be, necessarily, a great deal of re-planting, and an uneven crop. In this latitude we should not plant from choice before the 10th of May. There will frequently, however, be circumstances which will compel a variation from any set time. The large corn-planter will think it advisable for convenience of cultivation to plant a portion of his crop at the earliest possible time; and the tobacco-planter, if his plants are coming on early, must get his corn-planting off his hand, that it may not interfere with the preparation of his tobacco land. Light, warm soils, too, may be planted earlier than others.

PREPARATION OF GROUND.—At whatever time the planting is to be made, it is necessary now to press on rapidly with the preparation of the ground. Bear this in mind, that the more work you put upon your preparation the less you will have to do in mid-summer when everything is pressing. The mere turning the sod, imperfectly perhaps, and then marking and crossing is no preparation for corn planting. Put the ground in thorough condition by dragging and rolling. Make the surface a fine, soft bed, fit for the young roots to spread themselves in. It is objected to this that it will bring the weeds and the grass upon us too rapidly, and we promise ourselves to plant first and then put the ground in fine order by the time the corn springs up. This last resolve is very well if there is an absolute necessity for it. When the ploughing has been long delayed, and the time of planting comes, rather than postpone it, the seed may be committed to the ground, and this thorough surface culture follow immediately. But such a case should be the exception, not the rule. You will always find when corn planting is done that there is other work demanding your attention, and your young corn will be struggling for life among rugged sods before you return to it. As to weeds and grass springing up too quickly, there is no objection to that. The quick growth of weeds is the best evidence that the ground is fit for a quick growth of corn, and the sooner they come, the sooner you will kill them, of course. There is a very important consideration in connection with this early cultivation of the corn land. It enables us to "lay by" the corn in proper condition at an early period of its growth.—If the cultivation has been properly carried on till harvest, no implement should touch it afterwards. Begin early, work quickly, and leave your ground well cleaned at that time, and any working after will do more harm than good. In "laying by" the crop, thus early, you may put, with safety, many more hills to the acre, and get a larger crop. A very large crop of corn cannot be made without a large number of hills, and the prejudice against close planting has arisen from our practice of working corn until it has eared, and tearing the roots into pieces at the very time they are wanted to fill the ear. Close planted corn will suffer most from such treatment, but the fault is in the treatment, and not in the close planting.

DISTANCE OF THE HILLS APART.—Three and a half feet each way gives room enough, if the advice we give above is followed. The difference between three feet six inches each way, and four feet is more than a thousand hills per acre, you must bear in mind. Manure and work well, and we will be responsible for your losses.

HENS LAYING ALL THE YEAR.—Some people think that if they keep their hens warm in the winter, that they will lay eggs freely all the year; but that is a mistake, as fowls can be made to lay but about 10 dozen eggs each in a year, if ever so great pains are taken with them in the winter; and when they lay a good deal in the winter, they lay enough less in the spring, so that not over the average of 10 dozen eggs are obtained usually.—The *Prarie Farmer* has the following statement, which leads one to infer that his hens may be made to lay 100 or 300 eggs in a year—according to the management of them. Still, the better treatment spoken of is advisable, as more eggs will be laid in the winter, by adopting it, when they command a better price, but it will be at the expense of the regular spring laying.

TREATMENT OF HENS.—Two flocks of hens were compared. One laid eggs almost all the time; the other laid scarcely any. On examining their treatment, the following differences were found to exist: the former had a warm cellar to roost in during the winter; the latter roosted in a stable where the wind blew in. The former had a fine place in an open cellar for scratching among ashes, lime, and earth; the latter scratched in the manure heap, or in the stable when the cows were put out. The former had plenty of good water, with milk, &c.; the others had no drink except what they could find.—*Rural American.*

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make the Best Fire. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

BY "JUVENAL."

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 1, 7, 10, 6, 11, 8, is a European State.
My 2, 15, 11, 18, 13, is what few editors ever obtain.
My 3, 12, 4, is one of the South's distinguished sons.
My 4, 15, 17, 6, 11, 3, is a name noted in English history.
My 5, 6, 12, 9, is a measure.
My 6, 11, 19, 1, 12, is an evil passion.
My 7, 3, 12, 2, 6, 16, 14, 3, 17, 16, 10, 18, 20, is an institution in North Carolina.
My 8, 1, 20, is a river in Scotland.
My 9, 15, 2, 10, is a name dear to all.
My 10, 2, 2, 6, is a beautiful name for a girl.
My 11, 15, 2, 20, 7, is a Latin noun.
My 12, 5, 18, is a species of grain
My 13, 1, 15, 2, 6, 11. 4, 13, are the support of our country.
My whole is the name of a flourishing College in Virginia.

SOLUTION—To Puzzle of last week.—On the circumference of a circle mark 5 equidistant points, and connect each of these with each of the 2 nearly opposite points, with a straight line.

"You can't even tell who made the monkey, for all you pretend to know so much," said an impertinent fop to a clergyman, who had reproved him for profanity. "Yes I can," said the clergyman. "Well, then, who did make the monkey?" "He who *made you!*"

A little three year old girl was riding in the cars with her mother, a few days since, when a lady remarked, "That's a pretty baby!" The little girl's eyes flashed fire as she drew herself up to her fullest hight, and replied, "I ain't a baby—I wear boots and hoops!"

"Speaking of shaving," said a pretty girl to an obdurate old bachelor, "I should think that a pair of handsome eyes would be the best mirror to shave by." "Yes, many a poor fellow has been *shaved* by them," he replied.

"Wife," said a tyrannical husband to his much-abused consort, "I wish you to make me a pair of false bosoms." "I should think," replied she, "that one bosom, as false as yours is, would be sufficient." Exit husband in a brown study.

"My son," said a doting father, who was about taking his son into business, "what shall be the style of the new firm?" "Well, governor," said the one-and-twenty youth, looking up to find an answer, "I don't know; but suppose we call it John H. Samplin & Father."

An Irishman, going to be hanged, begged that the rope might be tied under his arms instead of round his throat, "for," said Pat, "I am so remarkably ticklish in the throat, that if tied there I'll certainly kill myself with laughter."

"Who is that lovely girl?" exclaimed the witty Lord Norbury, in company with his friend Counsellor Grant. "Miss Glass," replied the Counsellor. "I should often be intoxicated could I place such a glass to my lips."

Hearing a physician remark that a small blow would break the nose, a rustic exclaimed, "Well, I donno 'bout that. I've blowed my nose a great many times, and I've never broke it yet."

A farmer charged a hired man with having an offensive breath. "Thunder and lightning," said the employee, "do you expect a man to breathe musk roses for six dollars a month?"

A gentleman asked a negro if he would not have a pinch of snuff. "No," replied the darkey, respectfully, "me tank you—Pomp's nose not hungry."

Why is a man who makes additions to false rumors like one who has confidence in all that is told? Because he *relies* on all he hears.

We often hear it said of a sick man, that he *enjoys* bad health. Such is not the case. The only persons who enjoy bad health are the doctors.

If you would enjoy yourself, always be late at a ball—it's *past time.*

A medical gentleman says that Tartar emetic is productive of great *retch*edness.

Why are postage stamps like lazy school-boys? Because you have to lick their backs to make them stick to their letters.

Business Cards.

A. P. SPERRY, of N. C.
With WM. GRAYDON & CO., Importers and Jobbers of **DRY GOODS,** 46 Park Place, and 41 Barclay Street,
Wm. Graydon, James Graydon, } **NEW-YORK,** { Geo. H. Seeley, Wm. A. Scott.
Nov., '58. 2—1y.

A. H. FRANCISCUS,
No. 241 Market st., *Philadelphia,*
Keeps the largest and best assorted stocks of long and short reel carpet, chain and cotton yarns, batting, wadding, twines, coverlet yarn, bed cords, wash lines, rope in coils, mould, lamp, candle, camphine, lard and fluid wicks in the city. Also a great variety of fly nets which he offers at Manufacturers lowest cash prices.
N. B. Consignments of Cotton Yarns from 4s to 12s solicited. (4:3m)

BAILEY & CO.
(Formerly Bailey & Kitchen,)
JEWELERS, of Philadelphia, Having changed their place of Business from No. 199 to 819 Chestnut Street, desire to inform the citizens of Greensboro, and the public, that they are now located three doors below the GIRARD HOUSE, on the *North Side of Chestnut street;* having erected a fire-proof store, to which is attached their manufactory of Sterling Silver-ware by Steam Power.
BAILEY & Co. are now prepared to receive orders for any goods in their line, which is comprised of Watches of all the best makers, Diamond Bracelets, Ear Rings, Brooches, and Necklaces, as well as all other kinds of Gold Jewelry, Silver Tea Setts, or portions of setts, Pitchers, Spoons, Forks, &c., Plated Wares, Clocks, and a general assortment of Fancy Goods.
Orders for goods will receive prompt attention and a prompt reply. Goods forwarded to any part of the Union.
Address. BAILEY & Co.
JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS,
819 Chestnut St. Phila.
☞ Agricultural Societies supplied with Silver Plate and Medals to any extent. ☜
145—6mo.

BOOK-BINDER,
At the old STAR OFFICE, (*opposite the PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.*)
RALEIGH, N. C.
☞ The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Greensboro and the vicinity, that he will promptly and punctually attend to the binding of *Newspapers, Magazines* and *Periodicals* of all kinds, and in any style, plain and ornamental, on moderate terms.
Address J. J. CHAPLIN,
January 1—tf. *Raleigh,* N. C.

DICKENSON & COLE,
Commission & Forwarding Merchants,
Shockoe Slip, 2d door from Cary street,
RICHMOND, VA.
SOLICIT CONSIGNMENTS OF
Tobacco, Wheat, Corn, and other Produce.
JOHN DICKENSON, of Petersburg. } { ISAAC N. COLE, of Halifax.
January 1, 1859. (6m.)

EFLAND & KIRKPATRICK,
Having opened a **GENTLEMAN'S CLOTHING STORE,** will keep on hand or make to order, all kinds of Gentleman's Clothing. Their Spring Stock embraces Coats, Pants, Vests, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Shirts, Drawers, &c., &c., which they will sell cheap for CASH. Gentlemen wishing fine clothing should call on them first, as they sell no half finished work. Having some very fine cloth and casimere, and workmen of the first order, they feel confident they can please the most fastidious.
They also have the agency for the sale of **Bartholf's Sewing Machines,** one of the best now in use, in fact it is superceding all others, in all the large manufacturing establishments in New York and Philadelphia;
March, 1859. 13—1y.

JAMES M. EDNEY, COMMISSION MERCHANT, 147 *Chambers-st., N. Y.*
Buys and forwards every kind of merchandise for 2½ *per cent. Commission. Dealer in* Pianos, Melodeons, Organs, Harps, Guitars, Music, Sewing Machines, Iron Safes, Pumps, Garden Engines, &c. A printed list of all the different makers, kinds and prices, *sent free.* Agent for "The Wonderful Pump," raising Water 150 Feet by hand. Publisher of an elegant lithograph of "*Hickory Nut Falls,*" N. C., 9x12 in., sent free, 50c. Also, "*Cherokee Physician; or, Indian Guide to Health.*" This invaluable *family adviser* should be in every house. It treats of all diseases, has a copious glossary, and prescribes the remedies from nature's bounteous stores, for all our infirmities and misfortunes. It is printed on fine white paper, handsomely bound, fourth edition, 300 pages, and is *mailed free for one dollar.* Also, a splendid lithograph, 19x24 inches, of all the Bishops of the M. E. Church, South, Including Bascom and Capers, from original copies, approved by themselves. This splendid picture sent free on the receipt of one dollar. Also, Bennett's Chronology of North Carolina. Just from the press, sent free for one dollar.
☞ Refer to Govs. Swain and Morehead, N. W. Woodfin, J. W. Osborne, C. P. Mendenhall, A. M. Gorman, Esqs. Hon. W. A. Graham, J. R. Dodge, T. R. Loring, Rev. C. F. Deems, M. T. Heflin, S. M. Frost, N. C. and Rev. W. M. Wightman, Andrew Wallace, John W. Stoy, F. F. Beattie, Govan Mills, Richard Yeadon, Esprs., Hon. B. F. Perry, S. C. etc.
Rosewood Iron Frame Pianos, from $150 upwards, warranted in every particular.
(107:1y)

JOHN A. PRITCHETT,
CABINET-MAKER AND DEALER IN FURNITURE, (*near North Carolina Railroad,*)
Greensboro, N. C
All kinds of Cabinet Furniture—such as Dressing-Bureaus, Wardrobes, Washstands, Cottage-Bedsteads, Tables, Coffins, &c—kept constantly on hand or made to order.
Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop.
☞ Work delivered on board the Cars *free of charge.* 127:1y

MARBLE WORKS
By GEORGE HEINRICH,
Manufacture of Monuments, Tombs, Head-Stones, &c., at reduced prices, near the Depot, Greensboro, N. C,
☞ Orders from a distance promptly filled.
February, 1858. 110:1y